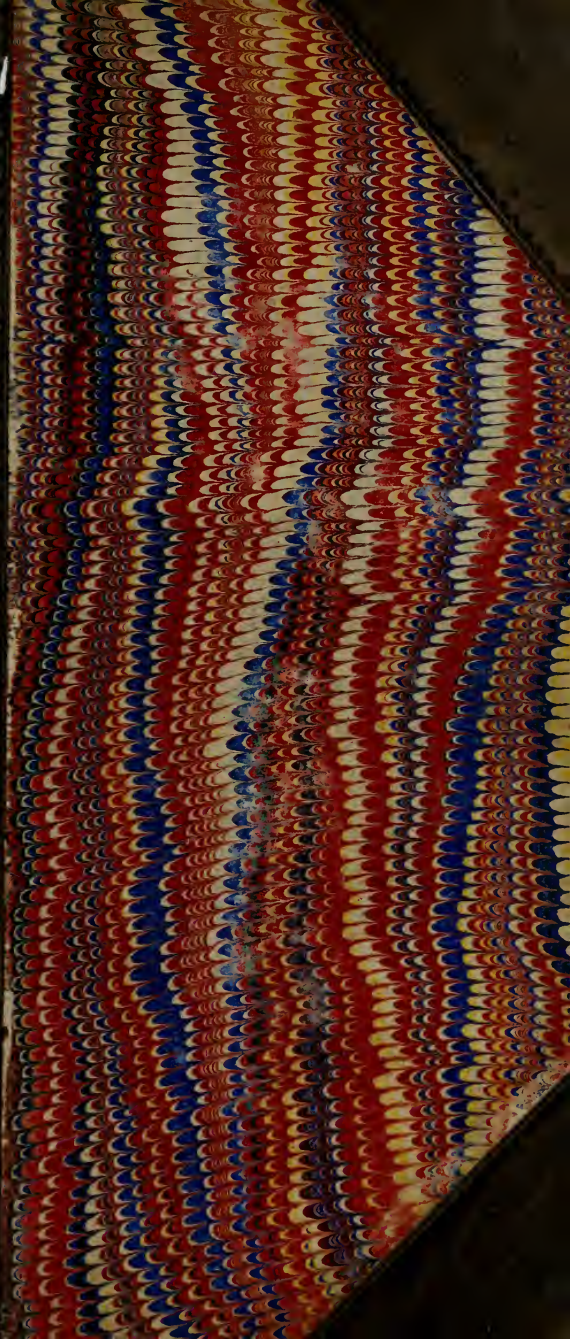


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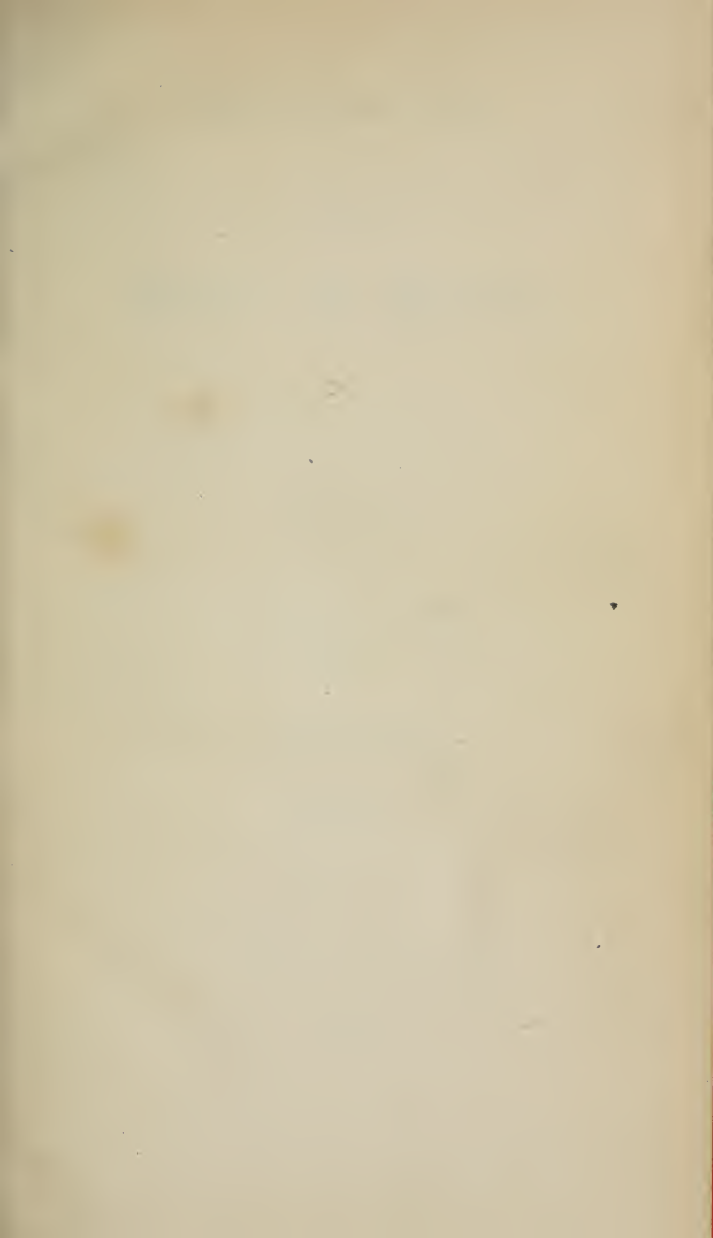
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# RHYDISEL.

THE

## Devil in Oxford.

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“ Scilicet in siccis ambulat ille locis.”

“ What! can the Devil speak truth?”

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1811.

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# DEDICATION.

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*"Peace to the Souls of the Doctors! they were mighty in their day!"*

To the Spirits which during their abode at Rhydicina, under \* wigs, trenchers, and bombazeen,

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\* Gentle reader,

Do not take umbrage at my insinuation, that wigs are a covering for choice spirits. In the collegiate church at Manchester are a score of angels habited in blue, scarlet, and gold, with powdered flowing perukes, and wings as white as alabaster,—who are suspended from the roof, and with their instruments of music represent a spiritual orchestra.

have contributed to illuminate that University by their science, and to raise it to its present dignified and enviable situation by their penetration and perseverance, this book is humbly dedicated

by their devoted servant,

THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE.

---

IN the metropolis of a remote colony dependent on the crown of Great Britain, a wandering American artist had hired a temporary residence, to display the specimens of his abilities, and induce the inhabitants to submit their profiles to a machine, by which he copied them at the rate of half a pistole for each.

On the day after his arrival, while he was busied in commemo-

rating the countenances of his delighted visitors, who were all, except one, engaged with the faces which decorated the wall as specimens of his talents, a fat gentleman suddenly entered the room in a great heat, and, seeing the artist employed, sat down to cool himself and wait his turn.

As he continued puffing and blowing, the company in the apartment, who had remarked the singularity of his appearance, (for he was uncommonly ill-looking in his face and person,) had found, as if unanimously, a profile on the wall which exhibited an exact resem-

blance of him. So wonderfully like was it, that some of them could not refrain from taking it down and showing it to him, persuading him to purchase it at once, for that no portrait could ever be drawn to represent him more naturally. The only point of difference was a monstrous pigtail, by which it had the advantage of him, who was cropped.

The fat gentleman, having considered the profile and himself in a looking-glass for some time, was satisfied of the resemblance, and laying down a pistole, which covered the expense of the frame,

walked away very well contented with his adopted shadow,—refusing an offer of the artist to cut off the tail, saying, “Perhaps I may take to tying my hair.”

On his arrival at home, he produced it to his family, who all crowded to look on it, while he stood contemplating a superscription on the back of the frame, which had hitherto escaped his observation, and was as follows :

“Composition.”—

“Study of ill-nature and stupidity.”

“Note.—The pigtail very characteristic.”

Need the moral be explained ?

Gentlemen !—Graduati ! Non-  
dum graduati ?

If you find any portraits here that you imagine to resemble yourselves, or that your friends persuade you are like you,—do not adopt them nevertheless. They are not intended for you. Sit for your pictures, if you would fain have them, and do not take them ready made.—At all events, cut off the pig's tail.



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# RHYDISEL.

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## CHAPTER I.

### OF THE DEVIL AND HIS SHADOW.

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THE last faint glimmering of twilight had just deserted the spires and pinnacles that adorn the university of Oxford, and already had the great bell of Christ Church begun to summon the students to their respective colleges,—(that is to say, it was some twenty minutes past nine o'clock,) when a young gentleman, a native of Seville in Spain, started horribly at finding that his feet had involuntarily be-

trayed him to a spot, which the recollection of his morning ideas had made him particularly anxious to avoid.

The reason of his being betrayed to this spot was simply, that his head had rather lost the dominion over his body ; and the cause of his starting was the sudden recollection of his proximity to that dreary mansion, which, being erected solely for the occupation of the dead, presents a mournful and humiliating picture of mortality ; for, like the web of a spider garnished with wings and legs of flies, it displays, for the benefit of posterity, the pickled members and withered remnants of dissected malefactors : in other words, he found himself on the very threshold of the Anatomy School.

The father of Don Juan Vincentio di Morla, prejudiced in favour of English education, had sent his son to this university, of which, on account of his religion, he could not be admitted a member. Don Juan therefore resided with the provost of a small college as a pupil, and in that situation intended to take every opportunity of participating in the society, and collecting observations from the conduct and manners of all ranks and degrees.

Don Juan possessed an inquisitive genius. He had that morning been favoured with a sight of the numerous preparations of the human species, which serve there for something more than a *memento mori* to the curious spectator:

but, being a little shocked on viewing these melancholy relics, he retired in disgust, and almost wished to feign an excuse; when he remembered an engagement to spend the evening with a party in some rooms immediately adjoining this mausoleum.

He among the rest had already drunk deeply,—and their conversation, which had dwelt, from the adventure of the morning, almost entirely on anatomy, by a natural transition turned first to a disputation on the sympathy existing between the spirit and the body—and subsequently to an argument on dæmonology. In the heat of this, when all were less anxious to listen than to be heard, the tolling of the great bell reminded them of

the expediency of repairing to chapel. They all rose, and in the hurry of their departure Don Juan was unceremoniously forgotten.

When they had retired, he also prepared to return home ; but being unacquainted with the nocturnal regulations of closing the avenues to the college, he wandered about the court in search of an outlet, until he unwittingly stumbled on the very object of his abhorrence. At the same moment he heard from within the walls that conceal the back part of the building a violent plunging and dashing of water. His memory, awakened from the torpid influence of the wine he had drunk, riveted him for a few moments to the spot: his curiosity, however,

at length got the better of all other ideas, and induced him to attempt scaling the wall. After some time and difficulty he gained the summit ; from whence, by the light of the moon, he perceived a small court-yard dark and desolate, in the centre of which, and at the mouth of a trap-door, the figure of a man was just discernible, apparently in the act of thrusting the mutilated fragments of a corpse into a well beneath.

Paralysed with horror at the sight, Don Juan sat for an instant on the wall, his eyes fixt by a sort of fascination on the scene before him. Shortly after the figure retiring, the charm was dissolved, and the Spaniard, rallying his shattered nerves, descended into the court

and approached the well. His suspicions were instantly confirmed : he beheld the mangled remains of a human carcase lying on the ground, and had only time to conceal himself behind a projection of the wall, before the figure reappearing with an additional burthen, in a twinkling, dismissed them both to the gulf beneath. The trap was closed, and Vincentio di Morla remained alone to reflect on the scene he had witnessed.

“ Is this,” he exclaimed, “ the fate of man, the lord of the creation, the pride of the universe ! this the ultimatum of human vanity ? What ! shall the body, that has for years been subservient to the dictates of a restless wandering spirit, remain to perish in this vile state of unhal-

lowed incarceration? What avails it to have been animated by a spiritual intellect, and a godlike apprehension, when such is its last abode? Ah me! what a frivolous appearance, methinks, I make in this solitary region! This it is to be the paragon of animals, and the lord of the creation!"

"The lord of the creation! Ha! ha! ha!"—"Who's there?" demanded Morla. "A lord of the creation," replied a voice. "Behold me!" At the same moment a form emerged from the well clothed in the gown of a graduate. "Nay, start not, Don Juan Vincentio di Morla, Mr. Paragon of animals, collect your ideas, while you make yourself acquainted with my appearance, and I will then communicate to you what I am, and why you see me

here.”—“Proceed,” rejoined the Spaniard;  
“I am collected.—What devil art thou?”  
“Devil! I am Rhydisel, the dæmon of this  
university. Yesterday morning I was so  
unfortunate as to be hanged at the Castle  
for forgery; after which I afforded great  
amusement to the speculators in anatomy  
in the adjoining school; and you have just  
seen the last pious offices performed to  
my genteel and unprofitable flesh.”—  
“How!” cried Morla, “a graduate!  
hanged, and the spirit of Oxford?”—  
“Ridiculous, and true,” replied Rhydisel.  
“I have gone through my earthly purga-  
tions under every possible shape in nature  
and lastly in that of man. I was a worthy  
member of this university, where I ac-  
quired considerable credit by my abilities,  
and passed for a wit: my natural liveli-

ness, however, betrayed me into a little error: I mistook another gentleman's name for my own; and consequently undergoing the penalty attached to the commission of that oversight, I burst the bonds, the trammels of mortality, and escaped for ever into a spiritual existence.

“ By the way, young acquaintance, I overheard you just now with your party disputing on the nature of spirits. It may not be amiss to tell you, in few words, what sort of a devil I am. Originally, a rebellious fiend, my sentence was banishment to this earth, where I commenced my career in the body of one of those animals which a microscope renders visible in water. When this body perished, I regained for an instant the consciousness

of my primæval being, and immediately lost it when animating a second. At present, it would be needless to fatigue you with an account of the numerous gradations I have passed through : suffice it to say, that at the expiration of each corporeal imprisonment my spirit for a moment recollected itself ; but the instant it again became attached to matter, it forgot the conviction of its immutability. In every state I have endured human torments ; and the last, the least, restored to me my immaterial existence. The dæmon that has hitherto presided here was yesterday promoted to another planet, and his office devolves on me in the regular order of succession.

“ When I awoke to the sense of this my new situation, the knowledge of every

thing connected with it rushed on me with the rapidity of lightning, and I am now before you for the purpose of developing the mysteries, the lives, occupations, and adventures, of all that inhabit this seat of learning. The motives that induce me to administer this communication, I shall explain hereafter; they are strong, nay, invincible; but the present hour is replete with opportunities of information; let us not waste it in unnecessary conversation. Follow me."

Don Juan, whose fears had at first induced him to take the figure of the dæmon for a ghostly apparition, did not feel himself more at ease when he found, from the declaration of his companion, that he was actually a devil: he listened to his speech in silence.

and prepared as tacitly to obey his commands. They walked through the wall towards the great quadrangle, (the Spaniard maintaining a respectful distance,) when the spirit, assuming a facetious manner, again took up the discourse: "My lord Don Juan,—perhaps you are a little surprised at my private history; but let it not disconcert you. I am at present in the best disposition, and flatter myself we shall soon be better acquainted. Be assured I am perfectly innoxious; nay, look at me." At the same time a gust of wind blew aside his gown, and Don Juan gazing intently, to examine the body which he expected had been concealed by it, beheld—nothing. "Ha! Mr. Rhydisel," he cried, "what do I see?"—"Nothing," replied the fiend: "yet all there is you

see. Take courage, my lord of the universe, and if you approve not of my present appearance, command another. I am at your service—express your wishes—at this moment I am compelled to execute them : and indeed I have reason to rejoice in the opportunity of being able to prove to you my complaisance.” Vincentio, unable to guess the cause of this obsequiousness in a fiend, replied, “ Sir, I leave the choice of body to your worship, whose taste and discernment must surpass mine ; - but if you are disposed to execute my wishes—” “ I have told you that I am so,” interrupted Rhydisel ; “ I am aware of them, and I prepare to give you that satisfaction : but let us dismiss constraint, which is the bane of society ; and to remove all apprehension on your

part, I assume a character at which you will be more disposed to laugh than look grave." Don Juan, on the instant, beheld a little half-starved wretch, blind of one eye and squinting with the other, crooked in shape, bandy legged, and without feet: his dress was a flimsy blanket girt round his waist with a halter, and in his left hand he held a beam, to which was attached a balance.

Before the Spaniard had time to ask him the intention of this appearance, the little beauty opened his mouth, and informed him that he then animated the picture, which in his days of philosophy he had been accustomed to entertain of Justice on earth. "I leave to your penetration," he continued, "the right ap-

plication of my appearance and costume.  
Let us proceed to business."

As they pursued their course during the conversation, without halting, they arrived at Tcm gate, just as the little dæmon concluded his exhortation. "I should like," said Don Juan, "to survey the present operations of this college from the summit of the tower above us." "You shall see them in a moment," said the spirit: "sit down on this beam." He did so, and was instantly transported to the top of the cupola,

## CHAPTER II.

OF ALL THAT DON JUAN SAW FROM THE  
TOP OF TOM TOWER.

---

AS soon as they were seated,—“Me-thinks,” said Don Juan, “the wind is rather boisterous in this exalted region. Signor Rhydisel, cannot you mitigate it?” “Not in the least,” replied the spirit—“I have no power over the elements; but I can render you insensible to their effects, and at the same time communicate to your eyes an excellence that you must wish for; namely, that of beholding all things here around you, in spite of the obstacles that intervene. You will then find the thickest walls become transparent, and

the coverings of the houses shall no more protect their inhabitants from your scrutiny than the clothing of their bodies prevents you from forming an idea of their shape——Fix your eyes on mine.”

The Spaniard, in obeying this injunction, underwent a sensible convulsion: the gaze of the dæmon penetrated his brain, his vision and comprehension became refined, and the atmosphere no longer oppressed his body.

“Let us begin,” said Rhydisel, “with this house on our left, where you see one of the *Patres conscripti* asleep in his chair. Twenty minutes since, feeling a little drowsy, he desired his servant to call him when it should be chapel time.

At the appointed minute the valet enters, and, jogging his master, acquaints him he has not an instant to spare—the bell has done, and prayers have commenced.—‘Amen,’ said the canon, and recomposed himself.

“In the next house but two, I perceive a dozen young men carousing over some excellent wine: they are the guests of another canon, who endeavours on these occasions to set them at their ease, and to keep himself on his guard:—he is, however, a little disconcerted at this moment, having hiccuped three or four times, and the last time very loud, so that he fears his guests smoke him.”

“I see a man,” said Morla, “bend-

ing under the weight of an enormous basket, who appears to be inquiring some direction as he passes through the archway on the right, in the corner of the quadrangle:—perhaps he carries to the kitchen provision for the college dinner tomorrow?”—“ You may well suppose that,” answered Rhydisel, “ from the prodigious size of the hamper, but we shall see that that is not altogether its destination.”

By this time Don Juan perceived his mistake ; for the man, turning to the left and going down some steps, knocked at a door, where he was immediately admitted ; and, his important arrival being announced, was speedily welcomed by a reverend gentleman, who descended like

Phaeton from the drawing-room, so anxious was he to examine the productions of the earth. He saw spread before his longing eyes a hare, a goose, two tithe pigs, a brace of jack, a Banbury cheese, a dainty chine, a turkey, a huge ham, and three couple of fowls.

“ This gentleman,” said the Spaniard, “ is not of the order of *la Trappe*, I see,—whence comes this load ?—he must have emptied the flesh-pots of Egypt.”—“ These good things,” answered the devil, “ are brought from a living in the country, which the divine holds, together with his preferment here, which some foolish persons expected might have induced him to resign the first :—‘ But no,’ said he, ‘ I am a philanthropist :—my

successor here, who will have the rectory when I relinquish it, has not spirits for the duty yet, nor patience to endure the fatigues attendant on the cares, pomps, and vanities of this wicked world. When I find him qualified to succeed me, it will be in my power to retire. His reverence has been some years in the same mind, and his intended successor (whatever he may have to do with care) has never complained of any pomp and vanity hitherto.’”

“There is a great crowd,” said Don Juan, “passing under the archway through which the man and the hamper travelled just now, What is their business?”—  
“They return from chapel,” answered the spirit:—“look at him who is first in the troop, and observe the air with which

he walks : his morals and life are unexceptionable, and his manners particularly genteel : I lament that he is occasionally a little absent,—a circumstance which makes him forget the proper disposition of his accomplishments. One would not choose to see a gentleman dance like Jupiter, nor a Carthusian cut capers in his prayers.

“ Observe the little man who follows next, in a vain attempt, by three strides for one of the other’s, to overtake him. He is impatient to let him know that the rector of a living in his gift, who married a wife three weeks ago, is dead of a puerperal fever.

“ The third in succession is a bachelor

of arts, with whose face you are acquainted, and whom you know to be an excellent musician. He was yesterday nearly plucked for orders: for, being asked who wrote the History of the Creation? hereplied, in a hurry, ‘Moz—art,—I beg pardon, gentlemen, I mean Haydn.’

“After him you see a young nobleman, who, half an hour ago, was the cause of a misfortune he can never repair,—I must make you acquainted with it.

“Henry lord Olbion passes for a scholar, and affects to be possessed of great feeling. He dined today at the house of a famous physician; and the subject of the slave trade happening to be on the carpet, he seized the opportunity it

afforded of displaying his oratory, and fixing in the minds of the company a strong idea of his humanity. After descending with great pathos on the cruelties of slavery, he concluded in these words: ‘ Let the man who presumes to justify this Pagan bondage undergo it himself for a few years; he may then be qualified to speak of the advantages which, as some insist, it possesses, and we shall be disposed to believe what he says. For my own part, I hope to behold, ere I die, this system, which I deem abominable and unpardonable, exterminated from territories possessed by Europeans, and exiled even from the knowledge of Christians.’

“ The greater part of the audience af-

fectured to be sensibly touched by this pathetic conclusion ; and among those who complimented him on the occasion, there happened to be a young gentleman just arrived from the West Indies. After acknowledging the disinterestedness of his lordship's reflections, he begged permission to say a few words in defence of his trans-atlantic countrymen ; which being immediately granted, he addressed the company in the following manner :

“ “ I am aware, gentlemen, that if I attempt to vindicate the slave trade, I must only attempt it with those who are tied to it by commerce. Reason, religion, and conviction have persuaded me, that of all the systems ever authorized or practised by man, there can be none so unjustifiable as the enslaving of his fellow-crea-

tures: and although we have precedents of this practice from the earliest times to the present day, the philanthropist or philosopher can only regard these precedents as testimonials of cruelty on the one part, and of wretchedness on the other: when I utter these sentiments, I am sure that I express the ideas of the greater part of my countrymen, who are willing, except that it would be their ruin, to emancipate the negro race. I know with what ease a speculator traverses the continent of Africa in imagination, and disposes the government of his country to communicate liberty and equality to all the inhabitants; but let it be remembered that he is no loser by his philanthropy: whereas, every gentleman in the West Indies, that liberates a slave, over and above the cre-

dit of humanity which the speculator receives, resigns a considerable part of his estate, and also presents the enfranchised man with an annuity for life.'

" 'I protest,' interrupted lord Olbion, 'had my ancestors consigned to me a colonial estate, cultivated by a set of these innocent victims, my first act on coming of age should be to emancipate them all, and I would then dispose of any other property I possessed, to provide for them as the laws require.'

" 'Your generous ideas,' said the Creole, 'compel me to be silent—they both astonish and delight me.' Here a servant announcing tea, reminded the noble visitor it was time for chapel: he looked

at his watch, and finding he had not a moment to spare, sprang up, and abruptly left the company. The fact was, that on account of some trifling irregularity, his lordship was confined to chapel, and not caring to incur any additional penalty by neglecting to attend it, he made the best of his way as fast as his legs could carry him.

“Just as he reached the gate, a wretched, hungry, and emaciated woman, lying on the pavement with an infant by her side, implored his charity. Finding her request disregarded, in the agony of distress and disappointment she caught the end of his gown, attempting to detain and oblige him to hear her entreaty. Nettled at this outrage, he rushed forwards, and, stumbling over the child, fell head-

long into the street. This second disgrace animated him with fresh indignation:—as he rose, he could not refrain from cursing the troublesome brat; and seconding the expression by a thrust of the foot, not intended to inflict pain, he inadvertently kicked out one of the eyes of the child, and this is the cause of the wailing and lamentation that you hear just behind you.”

The relation of this story made such an impression on Don Juan, that he spoke not a word when it was concluded, but appeared buried in profound meditation. In the mean time the rest of the train had vanished, and Rhydisel seeing the quadrangle deserted, proposed that they should change their post of observation.

“Readily,” answered the Spaniard: “let us, if you please, adjourn to the quarter of the undergraduates.” The spirit immediately offered his Pegasus, the balance, and they both alighted on the leads of the Library.

“Here, my lord Don Juan,” said his guide, “you must needs think yourself at home. The inhabitants of this square are of your own age, and probably too young to afford you much instruction; nevertheless, I may do you a service by acquainting you with the circumstances that have befallen some of them today.

“The first that catches my eye is a youth of seventeen, in that corner room illuminated by a Grecian lamp. He has

been here three weeks, two of which he has devoted to a pretty young girl the daughter of a tailor in the town, with whom he got acquainted behind her father's counter while purchasing his academical dress : her beauty captivated him on the spot, and he immediately told her so. As you may imagine, she was mortally enraged at this sudden attack, as she deemed it, on her virtue, and forbid him her sight. Like a devout lover, he obeyed her for a week ; at the expiration of which, happening to meet her in one of the public walks, he was surprised and gratified to find her good-humoured and communicative.

“ On the strength of this, he laid deliberate siege to her for fourteen days, and

this evening prevailed on her to meet him in Ch. Ch. meadow ;—here a pretty interesting scene took place ;—she reproached him with attempting her seduction, knowing the hold he had on her affections : and he vowing eternal constancy, besought her, on his knees, to elope : indeed, he pressed her so hard, that at last her voice began to fail as she endeavoured to utter the monosyllable No. Elated with the prospect of success, he caught her in his arms, and, as he strained her to his bosom, rashly snatched a kiss !—rashly ! for whether her malady was habitual, or whether she was not so circumspect in her person as her appearance indicated her to be !——! the youth let her fall on the ground and ran home-

wards, resolved in future to beware of intrigues with tailors' daughters.

“Next door to him, a man lies sprawling on a table surrounded with, nay I had almost said buried in, books. He made to day an attempt to swim; but getting heartily ducked and nearly drowned, he is determined to study the theory of the art before he again ventures on the practice.”

“Pray, inform me,” said Vincentio, “what is he designing whom I see walking round his table? he carries a small stick in each hand, and I perceive he stops occasionally, and appears to measure with them some figures he has drawn.”

“ Ah ! ” said the spirit, “ that is a mathematical genius, who, imagining the demonstrations of Euclid dull and uninteresting, hopes to render them unnecessary by adopting a scheme of actual measurement.

“ In the garret over him a Welsh servitor sits in bed with a roll of parchment 17 feet by 2 hanging from its tester. This morning, in taking his daily walk, he affronted a dog by kicking the dirt in his face. The dog, resenting the insult, attacked the aggressor, who turned and fled, tucking the tail of his gown and coat under his arm. Pompey pursued, and coming up with the enemy, seized him by the breeches, which he tore from off the part they were intended to cover, and

thereby revenged himself on the servitor, whose poverty not only compels him to mend them himself, but (for want of any other materials) with a piece of his pedigree; and he is now, with tears in his eyes, applying the parchment which has long been the seat of his ancestors' honours and renown, to patch the gap which Pompey has made in the seat of his own."

"I see a man in his nightcap, just stepping into bed," exclaimed Don Juan."

"He is a great chemist and natural philosopher," answered his guide. "Today he fell in love with a pretty face; and finding the passion it produced rather troublesome, he has just taken a quart of whey, and retires to bed at this early hour in hopes of relieving it by perspira-

tion.”—“ A very sensible cure for love, and one that I should never have dreamt of,” said Morla : “ but I see an apartment filled with men, bottles, and glasses, and in every corner of the room a pile of gowns and caps ; I conclude some person entertains his friends with wine.”—“ Just so,” replied the devil ; “ if you can restrain your impatience a little, I will give you some account of the entertainer and his guests.

“ The master of the debauch is a Nimrod : his father has often boasted before him of his college exploits, especially of his perseverance in sporting ; and the son, considering himself bound to maintain the honour and glory of his sire, keeps six hunters to show his filial respect. His

supporters on the right and left are fresh men dead drunk, and asleep for the same reason. Lower down is a wag laughing at his neighbour's face, on which he has contrived to paint mustaches : a third is just handing him a mirror, which he flourishes before the knight of the whisks; but accidentally casting a glance on it himself, beholds two or three more reflected than he looks for, and discovers, or rather recollects, that he has not been more vigilant during the evening than his neighbour.

“ At the other end of the table, a graceful young man introduces two of his friends to each other, who immediately recollect that they have been at school together thirteen years.

“The next is a beau ! beyond whom a student draws from his pocket a silver snuff-box, out of which he quietly takes two alterative pills. The person on the other side of him, requesting a pinch, takes the box before he is aware of the request, and squeezing his finger and thumb into it, pulls out a pill, which after a moment's hesitation he puts in his mouth.

“Let us have done with these,” continued Rhydisel, “I see a more interesting subject at the bottom of the little court on the right. A gentleman of the most solemn deportment and devout physiognomy leans from his window, and lowers something into the street.”—“It is a ladder of cords, I protest,” said Don.

Juan, “and, as I live, a woman ascends it!”—“Look another way,” cried the fiend; “in the next room but one dwells a student possessed with a dictionary, his brain is ever teeming with hard words which his tongue has yet hardly learnt to articulate. He is confined at present by an accident which, as he tells every one who asks him, has happened to his penultimate toe.”

“I hear a great uproar in the town,” said Don Juan.—“We will repair to it,” answered the spirit, “especially as I wish to make you acquainted with the characters of the university at large. Hitherto we have confined our observations to this little college, which is only a drop in the bucket. We must enter upon a new field.

The noise you hear arises from the shouting of the populace, in consequence of the *drama* that has been enacted here this last week: You understand me?"—"Perfectly," replied Vincentio, "and I am ready to accompany you to the scene of action."

The aërial courser conveyed them instantly to St. Mary's Church, and they alighted on the summit of the tower, just at the base of the spire.

## CHAPTER III.

OF THE DRINKERS, REVELLERS,  
DANCERS, AND OTHERS.

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“TURN your eyes,” said the devil, “towards that great light ; it issues from a house in which are assembled some of the guardians and ornaments of the university: they celebrate with feasting and merriment the installation of their superior ; and are the more solicitous of doing him honour, because they have twice protested publicly against him and his principles, and requested their sovereign lord the king to remove him from his councils.”

“ They appear to have several laymen with them,” said Don Juan.—“ Ah !” replied the devil, “ they are the attendants of the Bashaw, persons of great learning, whom the reverend Dons discovering by sympathy, have thought fit to reward and bring into notice by dubbing them doctors. There is one among them (he with the mulberry-coloured nose) who is extremely conscientious, and could not prevail on himself to accept an honour of which he considered himself undeserving.”

—“ Is it possible !” cried Morla : “ is he less worthy than the rest, and did his conscience prevent his taking the degree ?”

—“ As to the last question you propose,” answered Rhydisel, “ his conscience might fairly stand in the way of his preferment, because the honour of it is all its reward ; and as to his merits, the

worthy gentlemen think him little better than a fool, although he himself entertains a just idea of them."

"I see a man," said Vincentio, "who seems to preside at this entertainment; he rises as if to address the company—Pray inform me what he is saying."—"That will be no easy matter," said the devil; "for, notwithstanding he is a great orator, he deals so terribly in hard words, that I fear you will not understand him: if you do, you are wiser than most of his auditors, some of whom you perceive are the new dubbed doctors. He gives the feast in celebration of the victory his party has gained; and his guests (as the price they pay for his good things) are obliged to listen to his harangues. You are to understand this is not the first speech he has

made them this evening, and that they have been at table about as long as Philip of Macedon had caroused, when he rejected the supplicants' petition. Observe," continued the devil, "he has made two ineffectual attempts : but now he begins, listen."

"The concatenation of my ideas is somewhat interrupted, and the lucidity of my intellectual faculties considerably obfuscated, by the vinous fluid I have imbibed." Here the learned and pious divine bore ample testimony to the truth of what he had just advanced, and, after two or three efforts to proceed, sank down in his chair.—"He expects to rise, I suppose?" said Morla.—"With the first opportunity," replied the devil.

“Do you see that young man who addresses with so much animation those that sit near him?” he continued, directing the Spaniard to look towards the bottom of the table. Morla beheld a gentleman whose countenance bespoke at once the goodness of his heart, the strength of his understanding, and the fire of his genius. “He is now,” said the spirit, “delighting and instructing his auditors with an account of his travels in the East: both old and young listen to him with pleasure and advantage—Envy herself is disarmed of her sting, and compelled to acknowledge his superiority.”

Morla, interrupting the spirit, begged to know whether he had communicated to the world the result of his observations.

“He has not,” replied the dæmon; “but this is the less to be regretted, as his excellent remarks enrich the works of another celebrated traveller. He has proved himself a poet of so much real genius, that his admirers will not rest satisfied with the gratification his Muse has already afforded them : they look to him for those splendid specimens of his art, of which the early efforts gave so fair a promise.

“Next but one to him,” continued the devil, “sits a man who is nearly related to him, and is no less remarkable for his wonderful reading and excellent memory, without a shadow of pedantry or ostentation. He has collected a prodigious number of books, among which there is scarce one with whose contents and merits he is

unacquainted, so indefatigable has been his application ; an advantage he possesses over his present associates, who have, each of them, a library, and now and then look into a book,—a singularity they always take care to commemorate.

“ In the house adjoining I see an assembly of both sexes, some dancing, others playing at cards, and a great many, especially the young men, lounging about the room like so many geese on a common. Observe how officious the old gentlemen are, with what grace and spirit they caper about, and what gallantry they betray in every look and motion. Let them dance—and as they present themselves in succession I shall contrive to give you some account of them.

“ The first couple are a fat tutor from Somersetshire, and a young lady from Bath. He thinks his partner an angel, and she is of the same opinion. Next to him stands a favourite of the Muses, the son of a Suffolk cheesemonger, who explains the figure to a virgin of threescore.

“ Look at the little man going down the dance with the tall miss. He is red-hot with fatigue and perspiration, while she drags him about the room at a hand gallop ; and whirls him round and round, till he forgets whether his head or his heels are nearest the centre of gravity.

“ Yonder is a grave divine just risen from the floor in an agony of shame : his partner happening to slip, pulled him to-

wards her, and he had the misfortune to fall with her in a right line, whilst his wig described a parabola in its descent."

"Let us observe the old fellow seated next that pretty creature," said Don Juan: "What is it he whispers to her?" — "He tells her," answered the devil, "that dancing is a round-about way of going from the top of the room to the bottom. Now she, who is fond of it, assures him that there are more ways than one of doing all things, and that she loves to protract the exercise that gives her pleasure.

"At the furthest end of the room, in a pensive mood, silent and unnoticed, sits a lady whose ideas are occupied with a

story which does not concern this company, as her abstracted situation might lead you to imagine. She encouraged the addresses of a young man of no fortune who loved her violently, till she had made a more valuable conquest of an elderly gentleman, whom she married a fortnight ago.

“ The disappointed youth, on the first news of the fair one’s inconstancy, wished her at the devil. After that, being overcome with grief and rage, he literally fainted away ; and on recovering from his swoon, snatched up the only weapon he could lay hands on, (a pair of snuffers,) and gave himself an ugly wound in the throat with them.

“The snuffers were dirty, and the wound festered and inflamed, produced a fever, and for some days deprived him of his senses. He is yet confined as a lunatic. And she, having just had a quarrel with her husband, recollects that her lover was a fool, and herself a jilt.

“Hah! I see Mr. Lilliman—pray be acquainted with him,” cried the fiend: “he is the best-dressed man in the university: his coats, waistcoats, and shoe-strings are ironed into shapes, and he practises his neckcloth on his knees daily: he is at present in the greatest distress, having perceived a hole in his stocking, which, like the *Georgium Sidus*, is invisible to all but the microscopic eyes of the

discoverer : however, he tells every one in the room whom he knows, of his misfortune, lest any one should detect it first ; a circumstance that would cut him to the quick."

" *Similis simili gaudet*," said the Spaniard : " there is a gentleman, the counterpart of Mr. Lilliman, who stands still when his turn to dance arrives ; and seems buried in deep contemplation." — " All that," replied the dæmon, " is for effect : he hopes to do great execution among the ladies by that attitude ; and the abstracted *alias* absent air is to make him pass for a great wit. But he deceives himself : two young girls are talking of him so loud, that he cannot fail to hear what they say. ' Bless me ! ' cries the

youngest, ‘that knight is in a brown study.’—“Knight !” replies the other, ‘he reminds me more of a leaden Cupid.’”

“Pray, Mr. Rhydisel,” exclaimed the native of Seville in a tone of eagerness, “have the goodness to inform me who that brisk little bald man is, who dances in black silk gloves? He is just got to the bottom of the set; and by the animation of his eyes, and the gallantry of his general deportment, appears to be addressing his partner on a very interesting subject.”

The devil, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the object of Vincentio’s inquiry, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, at the same instant that the countenance

of the little bald man assumed a look of sheepishness and confusion. Don Juan, being unable to divine the cause of this unusual mirth in his companion, could scarce refrain from joining in it, so infectious as well as epidemic is laughter; when Rhydisel, recovering himself a little, addressed him in these words:

“ You are probably surprised that a spiritual being should be so addicted to merriment; but when you reflect on the many deplorable changes I have undergone, and consider that yesterday only, by being hanged for forgery, I regained a state of happiness to which I had for ages been a stranger, your astonishment will cease.

“The dancer in black silk gloves is a fellow of a college, who has long enjoyed a good reputation for learning and piety; and has lived on the best terms with his brethren of the common room, who never found any fault with him, but that he did not give them so much of his company as they desired.

“This seclusion from their social parties at length increased to such a degree, as to become the subject of frequent surmises among his brethren; who at first supposed he preferred old authors to old Port. ‘But yet,’ would say the occupier of the arm-chair next the fire, ‘Mr. Twistall was always a sensible discreet man, and a lively companion.’

“ This supposition, however, turned out to be erroneous ; for on the Scout’s being interrogated, it appeared that the gentleman always walked out in his hat, and sometimes did not return till a late hour ; a discovery that authorized many shrewd hints and significant nods ; and on his next appearance in the common room, produced a question from several of the members, as to his having been employed lately in the study of the Fathers.

“ From this time he became a perpetual subject of raillery ; and the pious men who generally made due allowances for the frailty of the flesh, often hinted at a pretty foot and ankle which had been seen ascending the staircase. The

person accused always defended himself with becoming spirit ; and proved to the satisfaction of all present, except one, that the foot and ankle belonged to the laundress of the tenant of the easy chair.

“ Not to detain you long, I shall pass over intermediate circumstances, and hasten to explain to you the reason of this hero's solitary rambles in beaver. His absences became so frequent and so long, that some of the junior fellows resolved to watch his steps, which they found were always directed to a house in the neighbourhood of Port Meadow.

“ This intelligence was soon imparted to the seniors of the common room, and a plan laid which promised much amuse-

ment to these holy men, who watched the professor of celibacy one night to his favourite haunt ; and waiting until they were pretty well assured that all the inmates of the house had retired to rest, set up a cry of ‘ Fire ! ’ that would have roused even Morpheus himself, had he been asleep in it.

“ Up flew in a twinkling two windows, from whence issued a brace of heads en bonnet de nuit, exclaiming : ‘ Where ? ’ (forte), ‘ where ? ’ (piano)—

“ The moon was bright,—the divines were sure of their game—each taking off his hat, and tendering a humble reverence, answered the double exclamation with ‘ Good morning to you, Mr. Twist—

all!’ ‘ Good morning to you, Mrs. Twistall !’

“ Mr. Twistall, as I told you, had a fellowship,—he wanted also a wife. Now by the statutes, a wife and a fellowship are not compatible ; for marriage, being thought either ridiculous, or prejudicial to study, is not permitted to the dependent members of most of these holy institutions ; therefore, he had hit on this expedient of enjoying both. Many celebrated men have been pluralists, and Mr. Twistall had perhaps the fewer scruples in following such good examples,—as his cure of souls was not likely to occupy much of his time.

“ It is now just a month since Mrs.

Twistall paid the debt of nature, and left the disconsolate survivor to perform the last duties to the tenement in which her spirit had resided. Determined to show every mark of affection for one who now could never repay his care,—he posted to the minister of a church in the suburbs of the town; acquainting him with his irreparable loss, and making known his benevolent intentions, inquired the expense of interring within the walls of his church, one whom he had loved so tenderly, that for her gratification he had risked the loss of his fellowship. The clergyman answered, that five guineas was the sum demanded by the college to which he belonged, for a grave in the inside of the church.—‘Five guineas!’ cried the unhappy wi-

dower in amazement, ‘ five-guineas ? !— Sir,—you must be mistaken—the sum is out of all reason.’ The minister assured him that it was a rule of his college, and refused to listen to an offer of fifteen shillings, which Mr. Twistall declared were ten more than he thought to have given. In short, the negotiation was broken off, and a day appointed for the minister to attend and perform the last sad and mournful office to Mrs. Twistall’s remains, which were doomed to repose in whatever part of the churchyard the sexton chose to fix on.

“ The clergyman was punctual in his attendance, and partook of an excellent breakfast with Mr. Twistall, who, as soon as it was ended, leaned out of the win-

dow and asked, 'Is she in?—are you sure she is in?—Then, sir, I am ready to attend you.'

"On this melancholy journey he remarked what great improvements were carrying on, and how much better Oxford looked of late :—and when he had seen that the cold and greedy earth had fair possession of the object of his earliest love, he made the minister a low bow, and said 'Sir, I am very much obliged to you.'

"I laughed just now at the answer the young lady with whom he dances, returned to a proposal of marriage which he made as he concluded the set, in a whisper.—'Sir,' she said, 'it would

cost you more than fifteen shillings to have the ceremony performed, and I do not like the air of Port Meadow.'

"Before we quit the assembly," continued the dæmon, "it will not be amiss to take a look at those who amuse themselves with cards. At the first table are three gentlemen and a lady playing at casino. He who has the honour of being partner to the female is a delegate of the university. The morals of many and the consciences of a few are in his keeping: celibacy and chastity are forever in his mouth,—he recommends them to the observance of his pupils, as a considerate father to his inexperienced children.—A few days since, while descanting with his usual eloquence on one of

these his favourite topics, he was abruptly called away into another room ; where a young girl celebrated for a pair of fascinating black eyes waited to present him with a fine child.

“ On the other side of the table is a bachelor with a face paler than ashes : his modesty is so much in his way, that he cannot be prevailed on to take a glass of wine in company ; though he takes four or five occasionally in a physical shape ; and last night, perhaps taking an over-dose, fell into the society of some washerwomen, with whom he was discovered at day-break this morning drinking a sober cup of tea.

“ The third is a man who flatters him-

self that he shows no little taste and discrimination in affirming that the Samson Agonistes of Milton surpasses any production of Shakespeare. He is a lecturer,—therefore, enforces his opinion with some weight.—I wish, signor, you were sufficiently acquainted with the authors in question, and their works, that you might be convinced of the genius and spirit of this gentleman's discovery.

“ Pray observe his neighbour with the shining countenance, whose face is supported by three tiers of chin from communicating with his rotundity of stomach. He says he is very abstinent, and cannot account for his corpulence ; forgetting the excellence of the college ale.

“ Look at that reverend gentleman who has just risen from the table : his history and adventures have lately been rather interesting. Having waited many years as a fellow of a college in almost daily expectation of a living ; at an advanced age he at length obtained the first object of his wishes. The second was a wife ; and the gentleman having nearly reached his fiftieth year, began to be seriously afraid that his entrance into the pale of matrimony, if delayed any longer, would not be productive of his third wish—an heir.

“ Impatient of delay, he eagerly seized the first opportunity that presented itself, and commenced Benedick.

“Some few weeks after the eventful day of wedlock, the still enraptured bridegroom received an epistle to this effect :

“ ‘ Reverend sir,

“ ‘ Hearing you have married Miss Grace Quickly, this comes to inform you, that you have thereby become liable for her debts incurred during her last lying-in at my house ;—will thank you to remit as per bill, and to say if I shall send the child to you ?—

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ LUCRETIA COUPLER.’ ”

## CHAPTER IV.

OF THE CARD-PLAYERS, ETC.

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“THERE is an elderly lady with two younger ones, just set down to ombre,” continued Rhydisel, “who have been walking up and down the ball-room for the last two hours, and mingling as much as possible with the rest of the company, in an ungratified wish to attract the notice and attention of some of the young men; but no one has even asked them to dance, and they are come here in despair to while away the time at cards.

“ Their adventures of late have been very ridiculous ; and I cannot refrain from satisfying a desire which I feel to entertain you with them.

“ They are inhabitants of a small town in Northumberland, and, what may seem surprising, the two young ones prevailed on the old lady, who you perceive acts as chaperone, to accompany them to Brighton, in consequence of having seen the marriage of one of their schoolfellows with a gentleman of good fortune there, recorded in a newspaper.

“ On leaving school they vowed to each other an eternal friendship, and cemented it by perusing together the contents of a circulating library ; and then, insensible

that an introduction would be at all necessary, set out, like the heroines of their enchanting romances, imagining wherever they were seen admiration would of course follow, and supposing (I leave you to judge how vainly) that their very first appearance would infallibly gain them innumerable suitors of the highest consequence,—among whom they discreetly predetermined to select only those of the best rank and ton.

“ In a delirium of hope and expectation, they made their entrée three months since on the Steyne ; frequented the libraries, balls, plays, races ; displayed their charms real and personal, and jewels real and sham,—all in vain. They were completely overlooked, and totally disregarded.

“ Having spent a year’s income of the youngest of the trio in this expedition, (the others having none,) they were on their return, when the fame of this festival attracted their notice, and brought them fifty miles out of their way to make this their last *coup d’essai*, previous to the utter resignation of their hopes ; thinking they had a chance of success among so many unmarried young men.

“ They have (you see) travelled a great many hundred miles to discover their insignificance ; yet it is probable that when they return to their native place, they will, by the exaggerated accounts they design to give of the ideal pleasures they have enjoyed, excite the envy of their less travelled neighbours ; and thus,

consoling themselves for the real vexations they have endured, like itinerant romances, make fools in their turn."

"What is that young man reading," said Vincentio, "in the corner of the room, that seems to have such a risible effect on his companions who are listening to him?"—"He is a facetious undergraduate," replied the devil, "good-natured to a proverb, who has got a newspaper which he pretends to be reading out to his auditors, but in fact is amusing them with some laughable sallies of his own imagination. Listen to him, signor Don Juan; even critics, though the dullest of mortals, sometimes say a sharp thing."

“ Here is a strange report!” said the youth with the newspaper.”—“ Read, read,” exclaimed one of the by-standers. “ It is confidently reported in the higher circles that Miss T—— L—— is about to bestow her fair hand and immense fortune on little ——, the hump-backed chaplain of Magdalen, a young man who is highly deserving the honour that awaits him.”—“ Impossible !” cried Morla to his guide: “ why, she had better hang herself than marry such a——” —“ Peace !” said the devil, “ and listen ; that chaplain is much my friend.”

“ On Friday last a dreadful fire broke out in University college ; we are happy to add that no lives were lost, although

three bedmakers, being unable to run, from their advanced age, had their beards dreadfully singed. This misfortune was owing to the over-studiousness of a notorious bookworm, whose candle fell upon his book during a short nap. The gentleman's name is said to be T——.

“ In the press, and shortly will be published, A Treatise on Female Decorum, by Miss B—— : also, by the same lady, A Satirico-didactico-poetical Epistle to the late Head of —— . The —— himself (it is whispered) will soon favour the literary world with an elaborate Essay on the Art of Figure-dancing, with an appropriate Dedication to Madame Parisot.

“ *Suicide.*—We are sorry to observe

that this dangerous amusement is at present very much in vogue. Such is its fatal prevalence, that it has penetrated the recesses of academical seclusion, and gained additional strength from the bad example set to the young men by a senior master of C—— —, a celebrated Grecian, who lately put a period to his existence by swallowing part of a Lexicon in which he could not find the exact meaning of the only Greek word he did not know; and it is said that he had demolished the thirty-third page before the dose took effect.

“*Duel.*—Early on Monday last a meeting took place in Port Meadow between the V—— C—— and one of the P——. After a brace of folios had been

exchanged, the affair was amicably settled by the intervention of the beadles and bull-dogs.

“ *Died.*—On Sunday morning last, immediately after divine service, the rev. Mr. S——n, chaplain of Ch. Ch. It is strongly reported that he died of a hurry in reading it.

“ Oh, here is something I did not observe.

“ *Elopement.*—A few days since Lady C—— M—— eloped from the house of her father the Earl of ——, in company with Mr. I—— the apothecary, who carried her to his chateau on Clapham common, where he has sworn to defend her as long as he—can.

*“ Curious theft.*—One of the female bedmakers of Ch. Ch. aged upwards of seventy, was lately detected by an undergraduate fast hampered in a pair of his leather breeches, which she had drawn on about halfway, (no doubt as the safest mode of purloining them,) without being able to get wholly into or out of them in time sufficient to escape detection.

“ The young gentleman, although somewhat concerned for his leathers, could not refrain from laughing at the spectacle the thief presented; and calling his neighbour to assist him, brought the bedmaker into Peckwater, and exposed her in that costume to the eyes of all the undergraduates; which afforded abundance of merriment, and produced many encomiums on the wit of the woman, who

had intended to hide the breeches where no thief-taker would have dreamed of looking for them.

“ Let us return to the deaths.—Died, the rev. Mr. G——, V—— P—— of M—— H—— : he had retired to bed apparently in his usual health, after eating a hearty supper.

“ Of the same complaint, after the Censor’s supper at Ch. Ch., Mr. ——, a master student of that college.

“ *Funds.*—Undergraduate Stock - Shut.

Fellowship Annuities	1000 percent.
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Allowance to Students	80 do.
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Reduced do.	55 do.
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Duns’ Bills, postponed till after the recess.”

“ Bravo ! ” cried the listeners.

“I see,” continued Rhydisel, addressing the Spaniard, “two persons amusing themselves at picquet, whose looks afford an indication of the pleasure and happiness they receive in each other’s company, after a separation of eight years. They have been married a few days only, and are on their way to the house of the lady’s father in Devonshire, having been brought here by that gentleman who leans on the other’s chair, to participate in the festivities which this gay city has of late afforded. I shall acquaint you with a few of the particulars of their past lives.

“ ‘ Ronald M<sup>c</sup>Alin and Leonella Merton were friends from their earliest infancy, and their affection increasing with their years, arrived by degrees at that extreme

which lovers imagine to be a spiritual sympathy. There appeared to exist between them but one sentiment and desire, one thought, wish, and expectation. They were convinced that they lived but for each other; and anticipated, in the prospect of a happy union, an age of tranquillity and bliss.

“ “ When M<sup>c</sup>Alin had completed his twenty-first year, he was sent by his guardian, the father of Leonella, (for his own parents had paid the debt of nature when he was an infant,) to take possession of his paternal estate in Mull, one of the western islands of Scotland, a mere desert in appearance for a soft southern gentleman to reside in, although the na-

tives find it healthy and profitable.—  
Here he was to remain about a month.

“ “ His guardian, who knew no more of the Hebrides than an Otaheitean savage, sent the young man there at the end of October—a season when the Atlantic gales render navigation impracticable in that tempestuous ocean, whose waters he had the pleasure of contemplating from the little village of Oban, during three weeks that he was obliged to wait there for moderate weather.

“ “ On the first symptoms of this he prevailed with a party of fishermen to take him across the sound that divides Mull from the western coast of Argyle-

shire, and had nearly reached the port of his destination, when suddenly a blast from the mountains came over the deep, and dashed his boat on the rocks.

“ ‘ The crew escaped with their lives ; but Ronald lost both clothes and credentials, and found himself on a wretched island, without money or friends ; for the first time in his life, perhaps, being obliged to have recourse to his wits for existing in the world.

“ ‘ Mr. Merton had, in fact, brought up his ward with too much tenderness ; who, although of age, and properly educated at his house, knew nothing of mankind but from books ; and was as little qualified to encounter difficulties of this sort as a child

in its nursery. Procuring a guide, he walked in his wet garments to the house of a laird, for whom he had had letters ; and on arriving there, met with a second disappointment, in hearing that this gentleman was absent : a relation in Illy, at the point of death, having sent for him some time before, and the weather having hitherto prevented his return.

“ ‘ The servants, seeing the deplorable state of the young man, administered to his necessities with great hospitality, and supplied him with every comfort in their power : but from vexation, and fatigue of body and mind, as well as from his long walk in wet clothes, their attentions seemed to be unavailing ; for he fell violently ill of a fever, which settled on his brain,

and kept him in a state of delirium for several weeks.

“ ‘ In the mean time the laird of Nigawl returned, and found a young man confined forcibly in bed, of whom his servants knew nothing but what I have mentioned as to his arrival.—For, in the first place, they understood so little English, that M’Alin would have had great difficulty in acquainting them with his history, and indeed he was so ill and dispirited that he had never attempted it.

“ ‘ There being no physician on the island, nature at length brought about a change in favour of the young man, although his intellects did not improve by it, but continued perfectly estranged.

So that Nigawl (as soon as he was well enough) sent him with two servants to a place called Archnacreig, that he might be transported to the main land for medical assistance, not imagining who he was, or what had brought him to Mull.

“ ‘ In crossing this inauspicious sound again, they were persecuted by a second tempest, more violent than the first ; and when the boatmen, having given up all hopes and exertions, were expecting to go to the bottom every instant, a brig that had just sailed from Oban with a colony of Caledonians, destined to speculate in the swamps of America, fortunately descried and saved them.

“ ‘ The master of the brig, however, could

not put back to land them in Argyleshire, on account of the storm ; and as the wind, though violent, was fair for their course to Halifax, M'Alin and his servants were of necessity carried away across the Western ocean.

“ “ Within sight almost of their intended port they fell in with two Canadian ships bound to London ; and M'Alin, having in some measure during his voyage recovered his reason, requested to be put on board of one of them with his servants, preferring the first opportunity of returning to his native country, especially as he had no particular business in America.

“ “ The ship which received him, after a succession of fine weather, arrived in

the mouth of the English Channel just in time to meet a French man-of-war coming out of Brest, on a voyage to the East Indies; and the Frenchmen, not caring that their escape should be discovered from Europe, scuttled the Canadian, and took the crew on board with them to the Mauritius.

“ ‘ This was the most terrible hitherto of the young gentleman’s disasters; as all hope of revisiting England, and beholding his dear Leonella, (except at a very distant period,) vanished at once.—I shall leave him now on his way to the East Indies, and give you some account of Mr. Merton and his daughter.

“ ‘ That gentleman having heard from Ronald of his detention at Oban, had al-

ready begun to blame his want of consideration, in having sent him there at such an inclement season ; before the last letter he received acquainted him that his ward was on the point of crossing the firth. From the date of that, he (as you must be sensible) remained in utter ignorance of the youth and his movements; and as weeks and months elapsed without bringing any tidings of him, Mr. Merton became naturally alarmed for his fate, and employed a person to go to Oban and discover what had befallen him.

“ “ In about a month his ambassador returned with an account of his shipwreck, at least of his having been lost in the sound of Mull, of which Nigawl, being himself convinced by the disappearance of the boatmen and servants, had immediate-

ly satisfied him; for he had gone to that gentleman's abode directly from Oban.

“ ‘ Nigawl was himself amazingly concerned to find that the poor maniac was the laird of Loch Alin, and Mr. Merton on hearing the tidings of his loss became almost frantic with grief and shame. He reproached himself with having sent him to his death, and talked so wildly and distractedly about him, that his servants and neighbours were disposed to suspect his having intentionally put him out of the way for the sake of keeping possession of his property; and to imagine that his conscience was now undergoing the pangs of horror and remorse.

“ ‘ The unhappy Leonella in the meanwhile took to heart the loss of her lover

with the greatest severity of grief. For a long time she refused all consolation, hardly able to refrain from thinking her father, by his carelessness, in a manner guilty of his death. And as this, among a crowd of other melancholy reflections, preyed upon her mind, her health and appearance gradually declined, and she seemed to be fast hastening to her grave.

“ ‘ To rescue his daughter from death, as well as by a change of scene to relieve the burthen of his own mortification, Mr. Merton, at the end of a twelvemonth, quitted his abode in Devonshire, and, passing over to the continent, employed between two and three years in travelling about those countries which the emperor of the French had not exactly under his

thumb at that time : and lastly, took a trip to Madeira, and settled himself in a small villa near Funchal.

“ ‘ Here he dwelt a considerable time, during which the grief of his daughter almost entirely subsided ; at least, it no longer affected her but as a tender recollection of one whom she had lost for ever ; and both her health and spirits recovered their accustomed serenity.

“ ‘ In this retreat Mr. Merton was one day not a little astonished by receiving a letter among others from Great Britain, which on opening he saw signed Ronald. It was dated from Verdun, and stated that the writer was then a prisoner there, without money or means of any sort to

procure hardly a sustenance, much less to effect his escape, and begging that Mr. Merton would use his utmost exertions for his assistance.

“ ‘ I shall not attempt to describe the consequences of this communication on the minds of the father and daughter. They lost not an hour in hastening back to England, from whence only they could supply M‘Alin with money, or procure his release.’

“ Before I go on,” said the dæmon,  
“ I must call your attention to those people you see in an uproar at one of the card-tables, who have been playing whist, till the lady, who is in such a passion at having so bad a player for a partner, af-

ter abusing his game, has flung down her cards in a rage. Her partner is endeavouring to appease her, while the other ladies are fuming at her outrageous manners.

“ Six months ago the angry lady being separated from her husband, induced a gentleman to carry her off by force, that she might be spared the disgrace of losing her reputation wilfully.

“ Unluckily for him he bungled at it sadly, and betraying her character by his awkwardness, in revenge was prosecuted by her for a rape : and if she had not proved herself something worse than a fool, the poor devil would have been hanged.

“As he was acquitted, and her revenge frustrated, she waited until her husband, who was likely to die, gave up the ghost ; when she married the delinquent—and that is he whom she is paying off.—Let us return to M‘Alin.”

## CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF  
M'ALIN.

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“THE French man-of-war carried its prisoners to the East Indies, from whence they were brought back to Europe by a frigate they fell in with on her return, which landed them at Bourdeaux; from which place they had the pleasure of marching to Verdun.

“Ronald, after travelling so many thousand miles at the expense of friends and foes, found this expedition the least pleasant of all his tours, being ill-provided

with shoes, or any thing but disappointments. He remained a prisoner several years, writing perpetually to Mr. Merton, who never received his letters, and making what efforts to escape he dared ; but of course they could not succeed, as he had no money.

““The silence of his guardian filled him with the most mortifying reflections. He concluded, often, that he must have died, and that Leonella, long since married, had given up all ideas of one so wretched and abandoned as himself. Fortune, however, at last turned the tide in his favour when he least expected it, and raised up friends for him in the midst of his enemies.

“ “ Among the prisoners at Verdun was a young Caledonian of considerable fortune, who had taken a trip to the Continent during the short peace that happened between England and France ; and on the war breaking out had been caught in one of those traps which the great Napoleon sometimes sets for mankind. He and M'Alin conceived a mutual friendship, strengthened by every tie that similarity of age, country, and situation, could render binding. They concerted together their escape.

“ “ A lady of good family having seen them perpetually, during the long time that they remained prisoners, fell in love with the Caledonian, who was not back-

ward in returning her passion ; and having refused to forgo his country for her, (the sole circumstance, he said, in which he ever could disoblige her) prevailed with her to accompany him to England.

“ ‘ The lady supplied him liberally with money, by which he and M’Alin bribed every one who had it in his immediate power to intercept their flight ; and, collecting as much of her property as possible, departed in the disguise of a peasant with the two Scots, who carried on the deception so well, that with few difficulties they got to the sea-coast, and, hiring a fishing-boat, arrived in a few hours in a creek not far from Deal, where they came safe ashore.

“ ‘ M‘Alin immediately left his friend, with a promise to meet him again in London as soon as he had discovered the fate of his guardian and his mistress ; for which purpose he departed forthwith into Devonshire, and arrived at a village within a quarter of a mile of the house he was in quest of, on the evening of the very day that Mr. Merton and his daughter had returned to it.

“ ‘ Impatient of a moment’s delay, he hastened to the mansion under an impression which I cannot describe ; and, having reconnoitred the premises a little, ventured to knock at the door. He observed lights in the same rooms which he remembered to have been usually inha-

bited, and every thing about the place seemed to indicate the same regularity and order to which he had been accustomed during his youth.

“ ‘ The door being a-jar, and no one appearing to answer his summons, he walked almost involuntarily in, and proceeded, without being aware of it, to the drawing-room, where he found candles burning, and books and work upon the table, with which he fancied himself so well acquainted, that he began almost to suspect his long absence and imprisonment had been a dream.—He then rang the bell, which brought an old woman into the room, who started at the sight of him, and threw him so much off his guard, that he could not utter a syllable,

but stood fixed like a statue in a state of breathless expectation while she retired.

““ At the same moment Leonella and her father, whose curiosity was awakened by the sound of the bell, appeared at the door. ‘ Ronald!’ cried the female, starting—‘ Leonella! Leonella!’ replied the youth, scarce able yet to speak, as he walked towards her. ‘ Is it Leonella Merton whom I behold?’ ‘ Ronald!’ exclaimed the old man, catching him in his arms, ‘ my son, my son, my dear Ronald—Heaven and earth! what a meeting!’

““ Leonella, recovering herself a little, took the earliest opportunity of answering

the question which M'Alin had put to her very much to his satisfaction, and the evening was closed with a scene of felicity which those only can feel who have been long accustomed to misfortune.

“The conclusion of their adventures may be summed up in a few words. I told you they were lately married:—they are as happy as they deserve. Ronald, from being a tame, insignificant youth, has qualified himself for all the accidents of life that can hereafter befall him; though I hope that the constancy and affection of his wife will be a never-failing source of happiness and content to him. He means to take the summer months for his next excursion to Mull, in company with

his Caledonian friend, who leans on his chair.' ”

Rhydisel having concluded his narrative, Don Juan could not help expressing a degree of sympathy and surprise at the patience with which Mac Alin had borne so many calamities, and declared he almost envied him his present good fortune. “How sensible,” said he, “this gentleman must be of his happiness, I can easily guess.”—“Of a truth,” replied the dæmon, “he has learnt to appreciate good:—but a truce with morality, it is of more value in the inside of the fabric we stand on than from the top.

“The party in yonder house is broken

up ; let us catch a few of them flying :—  
I will explain to you what they have  
done or wished to do this day, and  
extend my remarks to all whom we  
may see walking the streets at this  
late hour.”

## CHAPTER VI.

OF THOSE WHO ARE WALKING  
THE STREETS.

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“MARK that little square man in the bob wig. He is a schoolmaster who came to the university to write for the prizes, and to see how close a gentleman might live. He was disappointed in his first design ; but he has found that pease pudding fivetimes in the fortnight will save him annually four shillings and five-pence in the charge he is at for each of his pupils :—of this he means to take advantage as soon as he has obtained his

degree, having been accidentally *plucked* once.

“A few yards behind him is an apothecary, who has endeavoured all the evening to dance himself into favour with an heiress to 3000*l*. Happening to overhear her abuse persons of his profession to a lady who stood next to her, he immediately conceived great hopes, and became extremely amorous; when another minister of *Æsculapius*, his partner in business, coming up to him, whispered in his ear, ‘I have raised an inflammation in the heart of the heiress you dance with, and I beg that, as a gentleman, you will not endeavour to supplant me.’

“ There is an elderly gentleman, a prodigious astronomer, just coming out of the house wrapt up in coats and kerchiefs, preceded by a servant with a lantern, and led by another, who guides him by the collar, whilst he reconnoitres the way, as he crawls along, with two pair of spectacles.—What a pity he is so blind in the dark ! He has discovered, and to-day explained before a crowded audience, that the tail of the last comet was eighty-eight millions fourteen miles and a half in length.

“ On the other side of the way is a reverend head of a college, who has lately assumed a taste for the practice of medicine. A widow, who lives opposite his

windows, applied to him in a friendly way for advice, whose intestines he found on examination did not secrete sufficient chyle; so to-day he drove her a few miles out of the town in his phaeton, and he thinks that if she repeats now and then the exercise he administered, she will soon regain her good looks.

“ A little further in the rear are two young ladies, and a man who is brother to one, and wishes to be more nearly related to the other. A mad-cap student, this morning, who was jammed close to them in the crowd, without being able to extricate himself, after laughing at his situation till he was almost in fits, had the audacity to kiss the last; upon which the lover, snatching off the offender's

cap, beat it about his head till he had broken it in pieces; (I mean till he had broken the cap in pieces :) and he now thinks, as a matter of course, that he is entitled to take that liberty which he has revenged."

"What sort of a creature," said Vincentio, "is that whom I see wrapt, as it were, in swaddling-clothes?"

"That is indeed an uncommon creature," replied the fiend with a grin. "He is rector of a small living in the country, and receives pupils at an immense salary, who teach him—I mean whom he teaches—nothing. He is a valetudinarian, and lives by regimen the life of an Epicurean, eating voraciously,

the moment it is placed on the table, every delicacy that happens to come there, whilst his disciples are half-starved. His heart is harder than flint, except to his own qualms and fears of death; and yet he really imagines himself a pattern of humanity. At the assembly just now, three old ladies having got into an argument about the author of *The Man of Feeling*, he took the opportunity of acquainting a few young people who were near him, that the little excellence he pretended to, was founded on a wish to imitate the character of the immortal Howard.

“ One of his disciples who heard him, being of a risible disposition, burst at this into a loud laugh, to the astonishment of the whole room, and was joined in

it by ten or twelve others who knew his character.

“ The Epicurean (I mean the man of feeling) got up in a rage, and having devoted half an hour to wrap himself up in his integrity and great coats, (to preserve his health for the good of mankind,) has just sallied out in a flame of indignation.

“ After him I perceive two youths who have escaped broken heads within this hour. As they returned from another college to their own, a jolly little fellow accosted them in this way. ‘ Gown for ever !—There are five of us (including myself) who have been set upon by fourteen ruffs : you two will make seven. Four are now in the hands of the Philistines,—

follow me quickly, that we may relieve them and avenge ourselves.'

" 'Whereabouts are they?' said one.—  
'Fourteen to seven,' said the other,  
'are terrible odds.' — 'Courage!' cried the jolly fellow. 'We want not courage,' answered the others; 'but reason is superior to bodily strength: perhaps we may convince them.'—'A fig for argument.'—'There you are mistaken,' said the lover of controversy, catching him by the button and stopping him; 'beasts go to work pell-mell, but men always favour each other with a reason before they cut throats.'

" 'You mean, I suppose,' said he that was jolly, 'that they cut each others

throats, and then explain their reasons.’  
‘ ’Tis all the same,’ answered the other, still holding him, ‘ provided it is given before they are dead.’—‘ The devil!’ cried the jolly fellow : ‘ Why do you delay then, or talk to me of argument?—let us knock down the enemy, and then begin reasoning.’—‘ Not so,’ rejoined the advocate for argument ; ‘ I shall explain that point in five minutes.’—‘ You contradict yourself every instant,’ said the pugilist. ‘ What else is controversy?’ cried the button-holder.

“ But the little fellow, impatient of delay, continued dragging him along, and at last brought them to the field of battle, where they could not have arrived in better time, the fray being concluded,

and the vanquished stretched on the ground: for the victors having beaten them handsomely, had thought it would be as well to leave them to the field, or the field to them, without waiting for reinforcements.

“The logicians picked up the wounded, whom they have carried home; recommending to them, all the way, to use arguments in future to defend their bones; otherwise they study logic without ever applying it:—for the worst argument is better than a broken head.

“Turning the corner of that street below is a corpulent fellow, who prefers this time to take his walk up Heddington. As he passes Magdalen bridge, he

usually meets one of his companions on his return, who likes to take his walk one hour earlier.

“On all occasions by day they are the best and most communicative friends; but in this light they pass each other after the manner of Tom cats.”

“Who is that person all black in the face?” demanded Morla.—“I see whom you mean,” answered Rhydisel: “that gentleman is not of this university; he is a tutor and fellow of a college at another, and came with a party of ladies to see this show,—(that is, *they* came for the show.)

“He fancies himself greatly in favour

with one of them ; who at the request of her sisters takes advantage of his complaisance, as they are very short of beaux and money.

“ They find him of great use and entertainment ; for he says witty things, and laughs at them ; indeed, whenever he opens his mouth, (as was the case with Hudibras,) something laughable is sure to fly out. At breakfast he tells them why the water is hot—why tea is put into a pot—and what causes it to come out at the spout :—and all this, which has been hitherto a matter of wonder to them, he explains in the most astonishing and clever manner.

“ He dined this afternoon at the house

of a banker, who had invited four or five young men to meet the girls he esquires, where, as usual, he excelled every one completely in laughing, eating, and perspiring. When the cloth was removed, and the ladies had withdrawn, he dropt the gallant, and lo! the pedagogue alone remained. He gave his auditors some surprising information on every topic that arose.—At one time he got into the sea in search of mermaids—at another, he set Rosier's balloon on fire—and at last he told them that a chicken required twenty-one days three hours four minutes and thirty seconds to be hatched, provided the hen never moved off the nest.

“ This led him to a dissertation on

animal heat; which he explained, by acquainting the patient young men, that he had examined hens' eggs in every state of incubation; and although it should seem astonishing, it was no less true, that 'the longer the egg had been under the hen, the larger and more lively was the bird in it.'

“He that sat next the hatcher of eggs, provoked at his great wisdom and learned superiority, and observing that he wiped away his perspiration with a dark-coloured silk handkerchief, went out for a moment, and, procuring a little soot, took an opportunity, now and then, to drop a pinch on the sudarium, which the encyclopædian continued to apply almost in-

cessantly to his face. The other, determining to be completely revenged, told him (when his face was smutty enough), that the ladies had gone to the ball, leaving a message for them all to follow.

“ Away they went, and entered the room amidst a peal of laughter, in which the learned man, supposing some good joke on the tapis, joined heartily also. Presently his favourite coming up to him, exclaims, ‘ Deliver me, doctor ! What have you been at ? ’— ‘ The gentleman,’ replied one of the youngsters, ‘ has been hatching a score of eggs in the dust-hole.’— ‘ Nay,’ said another, ‘ he has set fire to a balloon, and the smoke has rather dimmed his complexion.’—

‘Come hither,’ said the lady, taking him to a large mirror, ‘look at yourself.’

“One glimpse was enough—the uproar was so great that nothing could be heard except a volley of oaths which he thundered out as he rushed through the crowd to the door, like a furious bull carrying all before him—trampling on some, jostling others, and almost undressing half the ladies in his flight. At last he got out, and has been wandering up and down like a bedlamite ever since, having just returned from the river, whither he went in hopes of cleansing his complexion; for he was ashamed to take the black face to his lodgings, and you see the change he has wrought.”

“ Oh! here comes a poet.”—“ A poet?” said Don Juan—“ he is a tailor.”—“ He was that thing a week ago,” replied Rhydisel, “ but he has received an invitation to Parnassus. I must inform you of a conversation he has just finished with another curious character, a poet turned tailor: but I shall first give you a short sketch of the circumstances that led to it.

“ A servitor of ——— college, who had been accused of writing a number of sonnets, &c. applied to Cassimer, (so he calls himself now, his real name is Kersyman,) to have a pair of breeches made by a certain day. At the expiration of the time the breeches arrived; but the person for whom they were intended was

invisible, and has not since been heard of. Cassimer, at a loss how to dispose of a poet's galligaskins, for they were of a very strange cut, after some debate, determined to wear them out himself.

“ Before they had been applied an hour, he felt a strange alteration in himself, which he could not account for during the rest of the day ; but at night the poetic flame burst out. He forthwith resigned his business, by which he has made a pretty handsome fortune, to his sons, and commenced author the next morning.

“ He has had recourse this evening to an indigent poet to correct his first at-

tempt ; who read it, and, shaking his head, observed, ‘ This w’on’t do—I can make better than these.’—‘ What have we here ? ’ said Cassimer, taking up some patchwork, without attending to the remark of Balaam.—‘ I am obliged,’ replied the poet, ‘ to mend my own habiliments, and now and then get a few shillings in this way.’—‘ This w’on’t do,’ said Cassimer, ‘ I can make better than these.’—‘ Every one to his trade,’ rejoined Balaam : ‘ but, friend Kersy, let me advise you to sink the poet, and resume the tailor.’—‘ And let me advise you to sink the tailor, whatever you do with the poet,’ cried Cassimer in a rage. ‘ *Doucement*, if you please, Mr. Cassimer,’ said Balaam ;

‘ sit down, perhaps we may come to a better understanding ; and first take this from me.

“ ‘ I have been a poet, man and boy, eight-and-twenty years, and never cleared by the trade but seven pounds and sixpence in my life. You have been a tailor several years, and have made a good fortune. The reason is obvious. An Englishman can live without poetry, but not without breeches : one suit of poetry will suffice a nation ; but each individual must be clothed. Then, what with cabaging, thread, stay-tape and buckram, you are sure to make a pretty penny by the expiration of the twelvemonth : and although you have many bad debts—we

all know you take care to make the living pay for the dead.'

" ' Hush — hush — ' said Cassimer, ' don't be personal. ' — ' Not so hot, ' replied Balaam, ' it is all fair. Now if I cabbage I am sure to be found out : and as to bad debts, alas ! I have none other to pay or receive ; and instead of making the living pay for the dead, I have no chance of being paid at all, or of living till after my own death. '

" ' What you have urged, ' answered the man of measure, ' is very true. When a poet writes for bread he is pretty certain of not getting fat : but the case is different with him who writes for fame.

The world always underrates, and tries to mangle those abilities by which a man earns a living ; but it admires and applauds ebullitions of genius when they are not stimulated by pecuniary considerations. I have enough to live on, but I wish to obtain a reputation which may be handed down to posterity ; and to this every thing I write must contribute, because it will appear more wonderful that one who had been bred a tailor all his life should write at all.'

“ ‘ Hah ! hah ! ’ said Balaam, ‘ there is reason in what you say—and you wish me to superintend your works ? ’—‘ I do,’ said the ci-devant knight of the thimble, ‘ I offer you a salary of ten pounds a year.’—‘ I accept it,’ replied the poet,

‘on these conditions:—first, that my salary shall always be paid half a year in advance; and secondly, that you shall humanely superintend my tailoring.’—  
‘Well,’ returned Cassimer, after a little hesitation, ‘let these conditions be kept in profound secrecy—and here is my hand.’

“The poet looked into it for the five pound note, and not seeing it, hinted his little necessities; upon which the other immediately delivered him the half year’s salary, and they went to work—the poet to botch the tailor’s rhimes, and the tailor to botch the poet’s jerkin. The work of this last, being all straight forward, was soon over; but the rhimes being ill written, and worse spelt, occupied so much

time that Cassimer has but just got away.

“ Let me show you an apothecary in distress,” exclaimed the fiend, laughing. “ Ah ! what a pickle he is in ! ” — “ How came he so ? ” said the Spaniard, laughing also. “ You shall hear,” replied the devil.

“ Four days since he sent in a terrible long bill to an under-graduate, for medicines and attendance during a violent cold, which confined him to his chambers eleven weeks. This the valetudinarian refused to pay ; and offered him a part, which he thought was as much as the pillmonger had a right to claim. He reckoned without his host. It is as easy to *shirk* death,

as to *shirk* a lawyer's or apothecary's Debtor and Creditor.

“ The minister of fate cited him to answer the demand in the V—— C——'s court ; and knowing he had no chance there, he paid the debt ; and at the same time set his wits at work to be revenged.

“ To night he bribed a lad to knock at the apothecary's door, and tell him that a gentleman, whose lodging he described, and whose servant he pretended to be, was dying of the colic. Galen, who had just got into bed, hurried on his clothes again, and running into his shop, snatched up his clystering machine, which happened to be loaded ; and half dressed,

followed the boy at a round trot down the street. When they came to the house pointed out by the boy, the apothecary scrambled up stairs out of breath, exclaiming, 'Which door? which door?' 'On the right,' said the boy. In bounced Galen, and without looking about him, there being a light in the room, twitched off the bed-clothes, preparing to administer his apozem, when he saw there were two persons in the bed.—One of them, an Irishman, starting up, caught the operator by the throat, and, snatching the machine out of his hand, fired it off in his face; by which he was so blinded and smothered, that he could neither see, speak, nor defend himself. Not contented with thus pu-

nishing the intruder, the Hibernian led him to the door and kicked him down stairs: then, waiting at the window till he heard him crawling into the street, on his appearance by the light of the lamp saluted him with the contents of two or three other machines, and then returned into bed to his wife.

“Look underneath,” continued the spirit, “there is one of the guardians of the night requesting the name of a young gentleman whom he has found talking to that woman on his right hand. He dismisses the offender with a reprimand, desiring him to call at his chambers to-morrow to receive his sentence.

“The criminal has retired—the judge

or the jury (which you please) is whispering something into the ear of the female:” “What is it?” said Don Juan. “I dare not—— but she answers No, no, no.—Hah! he calls two gentleman-like looking fellows, to whom he consigns her—they are carrying her to the Castle——let us follow them.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## OF BRIDEWELL.

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THEY alighted on the battlements in time to see the trio arrive ; when one of the prepossessing-looking gentlemen made an application to the ear of the female, and received *No* for answer. - The door opened, and she was delivered over to the turnkey, who also whispered in her ear, and was silenced with a look of ineffable contempt.

“ Now we are here,” said Rhydisel,

“ I have a great inclination to give you the histories of one or two who are confined in this cage,—although there is not much worthy your notice, its inhabitants being all paupers, except perhaps a riotous gentleman or two may have taken a fancy to ruminate here a few hours of the night.”

“ Do not baulk your inclination,” said Vincentio, “ I shall be very much obliged to you.”—“ Sit down then,” replied the devil, “ and look at the three cells on the right, which are inhabited by young females of the same description as the lady whom you just saw attended here. The first fell a victim to the wiles of a master of arts, who was in want of female society.—The second,

who is still beautiful as a *houri*, was reduced to prostitution by the villany of a ——— who administered to her an intoxicating draught, under pretence of giving her a glass of wine, one day when she brought his linen from the laundress, who was her mother. And the third is in doubt whether to attribute her advancement to a nobleman's valet, or to a grave LL.D."

"Avaunt, triobolary thief," exclaimed a voice, "Hobgoblin wretch, begone!" —Don Juan started.

"That is a precious rogue," said the devil, "who was an attorney in good business and repute some years ago, and received a fair education in his youth.

One or two of his clients intrusted him with property, which he thought fit to spend in women and gambling, and was soon ruined of course. He has passed every degree of rascality and wretchedness; but withal retains so much of the attorney, that he can never be quiet; and must always be a leader in every disturbance. He has been called to account, that is, put in the Bridewell, twenty times; and as soon as liberated is sure to commence the same career, parading the streets, and roaring out scraps of dead languages:—however, he is no longer a hypocrite.

“Some time ago, as he sat in the stocks, with a pipe in his mouth and a pot of porter as usual by his side, occa-

sionally haranguing the mob collected about him, with the most consummate indifference ; a gentleman cried out to him in passing, ‘ Are not you a proper rascal ? ’ He answered immediately, ‘ I *was* an attorney,—I know I am a liar and a thief, and the world knows it ;—and d—n the world.’

“ He is now under sentence of perpetual confinement, but he has comfortable quarters, and occasionally walks out on his parole of honour. A vagabond brought here for picking an old lady’s pocket of two penny pieces, feeling a little cold, attempted to wedge himself under the attorney’s blanket, which caused those anathemas that made you start.

“In the next court are two men walking up and down in profound silence; they are apprentices to a linen-draper in London, on furlough to take a peep at the university, and have this lodging in consequence of having refused their names to a little parson, who did not approve of their parading the streets at midnight in their hats. They are now reflecting on the folly of defying the C—— in its head quarters, and lamenting that they have no money to open the doors with.

“There is a poor devil in the same court, clapped up here for pocketing a hare, which a reverend sportsman (who boasts of killing annually 500 head of game) found caught in a wire, as he was rang-

ing his college manor last week. Determined to detect the poacher, his reverence concealed himself in a thicket hard by ; having first brought the hare a little more into sight ; and after waiting seven hours, until just the dusk of evening, saw this countryman come near the spot with a sheep cur at his heels. The dog winding the hare dragged it into the path, and the peasant, no doubt glad of the prize, naturally took it from him.

“ As soon as the animal was in his hand, out rushed, from his hiding-place, the professor of mercy, and, catching the culprit by the throat, demanded his name. In vain the countryman urged

his innocence, and protested that his finding the hare was accidental.—“ You shall suffer,” said the other, “ as a warning to all poachers ; I am a justice of the peace, and I saw the hare in your possession.”

“ The pauper being unable to pay five pound is doomed to six weeks amusement in this agreeable place ; and the justice has caught such a rheumatism in catching the poacher, that at present he literally cannot move a limb, and in all probability will continue much longer in bed.”

“ Was the countryman guilty or not ?” said Morla.—“ Assuredly of the affair in

question," replied the devil, "he happened to be innocent."

—"Gold from law can take out the sting ;  
For if rich rogues like us were to swing,  
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string  
Upon Tyburn tree."

"Ah!" continued Rhydisel, "that singer is a strolling actor, who has no business in this town where are so many better."—"What has brought him here?" interrupted the Spaniard.—"He sang this same song aloud in the streets an hour ago; and being desired by the officers of the night to hold his peace, he had the assurance to mimick every word they said, imitating in his answers the voice, and gestures, of those who spoke to him, so admirably, that they could not help

laughing at his impudence and talents, and have sent him here to enlighten the dwellers in Bridewell.

“Come, Signor Don Juan, I will not tire you with an account of any more of these rogues—Let us adjourn to those scenes where the acting of human nature is less confined. I have a passionate desire to show you a jovial party : the night wanes apace, and sleep already holds in his death-like embrace the bodies of those who have quiet consciences, or nothing at all to do. We can yet bestow another half-hour on those who are out of bed ;—sit down on the beam of Justice.”

Don Juan obeyed the command of the spirit; and mounting into the air, they

flew to that mausoleum of nothing, the Radcliff library; and having alighted, "Look here," said the dæmon, "at these revellers, they seem dancing mad."—"Indeed," replied Don Juan, "they dance to their own music. I see there are several young men engaged in the exercise, and I suppose the old ones join in the frolic out of compassion to them."—"Aye, aye," said the devil, with a shrug of his shoulders, "there is one of them listening to some French poetry, which another, who is tired of romping, is reading to him:—let us listen to it also."—"What does he call it?" said Morla.—"La Baillée," replied Rhydisel, "a parody on a Latin poem which begins with

"Seduxit miles virginem

Receptis in hibernis," &c.—

Here the reader of French poetry began

*La Baillée.*

1.

Un Capitaine hardi d'Halifax  
Demeurant dans son quartier,  
Séduit une fille, qui se pendit  
Un Lundi avec sa jarretière ;  
Sa conscience le tourmenta,  
Son estomac fut gâté,  
Il prit le fort ratifià,  
Et ne pensa que de Miss Baillée.

Ah ! la Baillée, la malheureuse Baillée,

Ah ! la Baillée, la malheureuse Baillée !

2.

Un soir se couchant de bonne heure,  
Car il avoit la fièvre,  
Dit-il, " Je suis un beau garçon,  
Mais volage comme une chèvre."  
Sa lumière brûle pâle et bleu,  
Le suif et coton mêlé,  
Un revenant approche son lit,  
Et cria " Voici Baillée !"

Ah ! la Baillée, &c.

## 3.

“ Va-t-en,” dit-il, “ ou Diable m’emporte  
Je tirai la sonnette.”

“ Cher capitaine,” répond la dame,  
“ Quelle conduite malhonnête !  
Le commissaire fut trop severe  
Envers une fille si grêlée,  
Et le prêtre ne veut pas dire la messe  
Pour l’ame de ma’m’selle Baillée.”

Ah la Baillée, &c.

## 4.

“ Cher revenant,” dit-il tout bas,  
“ Arrangeons notre affaire ;  
Une banquenote dans ma culotte  
Ferme ta cimetière :”  
Gaiement s’enfuit alors l’esprit,  
Son sort si bien démêlé,  
“ Adieu, cher fripon capitaine Smith,  
N’oubliez pas votre Baillée.”

Ah la Baillée, &c.

“ Ha, ha !” said Don Juan at the con-

clusion of the song, “ Miss Bailey to the tune of Alley Croaker ! Is this the study and the fruits of that wig?—*Parva leves capiunt animos* with a vengeance.”—“Nay,” replied the dæmon, “ you should rather say *Dulce est desipere in loco.*”—“ Oh,” exclaimed the Spaniard, again laughing, “ this is the place to play the fool in, is it?”—“ *Hic et ubique.* There is a youngster who has just picked up a paper,” continued the devil, “ which an old fellow has dropt by accident, I mean to say on purpose, from his pocket. This is his usual modest way of entertaining his friends with his compositions.

“ The paper contains two little bijoux; the first of which he wrote several years ago, on an occasion of being rejected by

a young widow, to whom he tendered his heart; and the last owes its origin to some reflections that you may discover in it.

“The young man is beginning to read them aloud.”—“Hear him, hear him, hear him” from all quarters.

*The Curse of Curses.*

1.

When harvest week hath slowly sped,  
And poor folks scantily are fed,  
And weeping mothers hang the head  
While younkers ask in vain for bread;  
Then famine is a curse,  
Algaes there is a worse;  
And if ye tell it not, ye are but young,  
It is the flytinge of a woman's tongue.

## 2.

When war the bloody signal rears,  
And sickles yield to biting spears,  
And bodies be withouten biers,  
And fields are wonne by widows' tears ;  
Then war it is a curse,  
Algates there is a worse,  
And if, &c.

## 3.

When sickness hangs i' th' tainted air,  
And cunning leeches useless are,  
And death, relentless, will not spare  
Or lusty youth or beauty rare ;  
Then plague it is a curse,  
Algates there is a worse,  
And if, &c.

“ One would think,” said Rhydisel,  
“ by the comparisons, that the old gentleman had run the gauntlet of at least a Turk's allowance of wives : now for the next.” —

*The Worm King!!!*

## 1.

Who is it that casts so terrific a frown  
On the stripling that wistfully hangs by her gown?  
'Tis a mother, who chides by her menacing mien  
Her son, who would fain eat some gooseberries  
green.

## 2.

"Oh see what fine gooseberries hang on yon  
tree!

Mamma, dear mamma, won't you give some to  
me?"

"Oh no, my dear boy, 'tis too soon in the spring;  
If you taste them, you'll go to the dread Worm  
King."

## 3.

"Who is he, dear mamma?" "Oh, a terrible man  
Who catches young children whenever he can;  
'Twas he that yon gooseberries hung on the tree,  
That thou mightst eat them, and that he might  
eat thee.

## 4.

“ He is tall as a steeple, has jaws like the grave,  
He eats and he eats, yet ne’er ceases to crave ;  
His teeth like the shark’s, like the serpent’s his  
sting ;  
Beware how you go to the dread Worm King.”

## 5.

The mamma turn’d her back, and no sooner  
was gone,  
Than the boy ate the gooseberries every one ;  
And with horrible pleasure the Worm King he  
smiled ;  
When returning too late, she thus questioned her  
child :

## 6.

“ Ah, what has become of those gooseberries,  
pray ? ”  
“ Dear mamma, p’rhaps the Worm King has  
ta’en them away.”  
Oh who but that mother turn’d wrathfully red  
As she put him (but first whipt him soundly) to  
bed ?

## 7.

She sent for the doctor, but vain was his skill ;  
Thê gooseberries griped the poor sufferer still :  
And had it not been for thy lozenges, Ching !!  
That child must have gone to the dread Worm  
King.

“ Well,” said Don Juan, “ it must be confessed that he has been very liberal in the warmth of his gratitude to the dealer in lozenges.—Poor gentleman, I should have thought the temperature of his body, from the appearance of its nasal thermometer, would have scorched in a moment any thing endowed with life.” “ He is of a very prolific family,” replied the dæmon, “ and the celibacy requisite in a collegiate life makes him produce those weeds, like as a flower running to seed before it has well blossomed.”

As the Spaniard and his guide were about to quit the Radcliffe library, (or, to speak more properly, that huge mass of stone and mortar, which contains nothing worth calling a library, and seems placed where it is, only to spoil a beautiful square,) the eyes of the first were attracted by that pile of building containing the Schools, Bodleian library, Pomfret statues, and Picture gallery, &c. who could not help exclaiming, “What a blessing it would be to Spain, did one of her universities possess the treasures inclosed within those walls! The full and ample page of science would then be open to her students, and Gothic darkness give place to the blazing noon of intellectual day.”

“Ah!” cried the devil, interrupting

him, "that is all very possible, and I shall put the same idea into the head of the brightest genius in Oxford, that he may try the experiment in this university. At present, the Bodleian collection might as well be in Bœotia, for scarce any but Bœotians have access to it;—all its stores of knowledge, innumerable manuscripts, unparalleled fountains of information, are scarce ever intruded on, even by the graduates: and for the undergraduates, except they are gentlemen commoners, or some particularly fortunate scholars and students, there is no public library whatever, though the whole university swarms with books, and every college has a public collection."—"What," said Don Juan, "can be the reason of such a system?"—"Learning," replied the fiend, "is dan-

gerous—ignorance is bliss—and it is folly to be wiser than the ———.

“Look on this side,” continued Rhydisel, “here is a sober assembly at so late an hour! they look as grave as the Roman senate when the Gauls caught them in consultation. There is a young man among them whom they call Mr. Benedick, as if it were really his name—What admirable stoicism! Perhaps they may be a little merrier towards day-light. In the mean time, I shall entertain you with the history of that Mr. Benedick, who is going to be married after having been a professed misogynist for five years. I shall tell you, at least, what it is that has brought about such a change

in his way of thinking as to make him marry."

"Money, I dare presume," said Vincentio with a smile.—"I admire your discrimination," replied the devil: "that is the cause of such a metamorphosis in general, but in this instance it is not so altogether."

## CHAPTER VIII.

OF MARRIAGE : WHETHER IT GOES OR  
COMES BY DESTINY.

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“ON a dark tempestuous night in the month of August, during a storm of thunder and rain, two young gentlemen, returning from a Northern tour, encountered a man between Llangollen and Oswestry, whose terrified manner and faltering speech indicated him to be under the impression of some violent agitation.

“He called to them to stop; which they refused to do at first, concluding

that, his object being to rob them, he probably had associates lying in wait, with whom they could have no chance of contention ; and, on this supposition, increased instead of slackening their pace. The pedestrian, with the same frantic voice and gestures, continued running by the side of the carriage, exclaiming at intervals,—‘ Stop—for the love of God, stop.’

“ ‘ What would you have ? ’ said he who drove, as he pulled up his horses ?—  
‘ A lady, my sister,’ replied the other, ‘ lies under her mare, which has fallen with her off the road into a ditch, and we can extricate neither the one nor the other—I fear the lady is killed.’—‘ Heaven forbid ! ’ cried the travellers, as they

jumped down ; ‘ whereabouts is the spot ? ’  
‘ Here,’ returned the youth pointing. ‘ I  
ran forward, hearing the sound of your  
carriage, afraid lest you might drive  
against them ; for the mare is but half off  
the road, her head and neck being in the  
ditch, and her hind legs on this project-  
ing bank ; which is the fatal cause of this  
accident.’

“ Just as they came to the spot, an-  
other person who had been endeavouring  
forcibly to drag the mare on one side, in  
order that he might relieve the lady,  
turned round towards the travellers, with-  
out appearing to observe them, and cried  
out, ‘ She is dead, she is dead, my  
daughter is killed ! ’ whilst he ran to and  
fro, stamping the ground in a paroxysm

of grief and despair. In the mean time, one of the young men jumping into the ditch, and loosing the girths, while the other held up the mare's head, they quickly drew out the lady and the saddle, whose pummels had prevented the others from moving her.

“ When she was released,—whether from the fright, or the bruises she had received, or perhaps from the effect of both,—she appeared quite insensible, and scarce showed any signs of life, to the distress of all, and the unspeakable grief of her father, who continued wringing his hands and beating his breast, whilst the rain still descended in torrents, and the incessant flashes of lightning served only to betray his agony, and the pallid coun-

tenance of his daughter, to the young men who supported her. These three, lifting her in their arms and conveying her to the carriage, put her into it with her father : after which, one of them drove it slowly forward, while the other two extricated the mare, and, securing their horses, followed a few yards behind.

“ In this order, the train soon arrived at the mansion of the unfortunate family, which was scarcely half a mile distant from the spot where the accident had happened ; and here the lady, being put to bed, and proper remedies administered, in a few hours returned to herself.

“ The next morning she sent her thanks to her deliverers by her brother,

regretting she could not offer them in person, being still unable to move, from the blows she had received in her fall, and the struggles of her mare in attempting to get up. The young men made suitable acknowledgements; they hoped for the pleasure of meeting her hereafter, and, shaking the father and his son by the hand, mounted their carriage and departed into their own country.

“The family whom they had been so fortunate as to assist, were Sir George Collen and his children Frederic and Margaret. The son is a young man of great promise; and the lady, who is his elder by two years, in addition to a beautiful person and lively wit, possesses a large independent fortune, and of course

a great many admirers. You would laugh, were I to enumerate the list and variety of offers she has received from English, Irish, Welsh, Scotch, and Frenchmen.”—“ ‘Faith,” said Don Juan, “she must be rather difficult to please ; I wonder that out of the whole list not one should have made a prize of her heart.” “ Many of them,” said the devil laughing, “ have been in a fair way of doing so ; but being a clever girl, she always insists on looking behind the curtain, and then it generally occurs to her that the proposals are made to her fortune. With all this she has a strong turn for romance ; and the adventure I have just related to you carrying a little of the air of it, Margaret has never since ceased persuading herself that one of her auxiliary knights

must be the person whose name is written opposite hers in the book of marriages."

"Aye," cried Vincentio, "I have often heard that marriages, as well as hanging, come by destiny—is it a fact?"——"I only spoke metaphorically," answered the fiend: "you ask a very delicate question—I beseech your worship to spare me on that point, I shall return to my story.

"The desire of beholding the young gentlemen who had yielded her such timely service, remained ungratified in the bosom of Margaret for more than a twelvemonth; but, during the interval, she found several opportunities of procuring intelligence concerning them from her acquaintance, by whom they were

always mentioned as being two notorious woman haters, especially the eldest, who is a great metaphysician and philosopher, and a dabbler in all sorts of arts and sciences.

“ Whenever this was represented to her, ‘ Ah!’ she would say to herself, ‘ I must have that metaphysician ; it remains for me to convert that misogynist : if he despises other women for their want of good education and knowledge, I think I need not be apprehensive on that score,—I wish I could have a sight of him.’

“ Her wish was at last gratified.

“ Frederic and herself, being on a visit to some relations in Suffolk, stopped

one day at Bury St. Edmund's in their way to a ball; and looking from a balcony of the inn, while the horses were changing, saw a barouche with two gentlemen in it drive up to the door, before which there happened to be a crowd of carriages. One of the horses in the barouche, who had giped, kicked, and played a variety of tricks as he came along the parade, where the great fair is held, at last, by a sort of *dernier effort*, ran the vehicle against the pole of a chaise and smashed one of its pannels.

“The driver, in the greatest possible passion, had already raised his arm to revenge this outrage on the carcase of the horse, when one of the gentlemen rising up cried out ‘Hold!—your violence cannot repair

the damage.’—‘What,’ said the other, (his arm still in the air,) ‘does not he deserve a hiding?’—‘If you come to desert,’ replied the gentleman coolly, ‘what ought not you to receive, who have worried and beaten the poor creature through the whole stage? At any rate, do not put yourself on a level with a horse, to gratify your revenge: and if he does deserve castigation, the greater merit and credit have you in forgiving him.’

“ ‘Forgive him!’ muttered the man as he dismounted and unbuckled the pole-pieces: ‘stand there, you devil!’ he added, as he led him on one side. The animal obeyed him, and stood there, while the gentleman alighting from the

carriage walked up to him, and, patting his neck, made this speech to him :

“ ‘ Ah ! vermin, what a rogue’s trick have you played me ! Well, well ! it is true, you have but a hard life of it—*N’importe—Post imbres sol*—After rain comes sunshine.’—The horse continued panting and sobbing ; and the gentleman, having his handkerchief in his hand, wiped away the tears and sweat from its face, and then kissing it, said, ‘ I hope, sir, when your spirit has the honour to be a lord of the creation, and mine animates the body of a post-horse, you will not fail to remember me, if ever I come within the sphere of your generosity. Justice, you know, is at best but a matter of course ;

so I hope you will try all in your power to be humane from principle.'

"In answer to this harangue, expressed in scraps of three languages, the horse heaved a profound sigh, and turned the bit in its mouth once: 'I take the will for the deed,' said the other, (the reasoner I should say;) 'fare thee well, and may God help thee!'

"At this moment Frederic Collen, who, as well as his sister, had listened to this dialogue, and recognised the person of the principal speaker, called from the balcony, 'Mr. Manley, have the goodness to walk up stairs, and let me introduce you and your brother to a young

lady, who has a great desire to be acquainted with you.'

"They ascended in a minute. The lady received them with an air of feeling as well as urbanity, and a pretty blush overspread her face as she took (she said) the first opportunity of thanking them for having saved her life.

"The metaphysicians were startled.—  
Adieu la rhétorique, la logique, la métaphysique, la chimie, la peinture, la musique!—à l'enfer le célibat et les mathématiques!

"After a little conversation, it appeared that they were all going to the same

place—they continued their journey together; and I wish, Signor Don Juan, I could have shown the philosophers to you in the dance. Mr. Manley the younger paid every attention to Miss Collen; and the other, whose principles of misogynism were also in a very rickety state of repair since the morning, felt as great an inclination to recommend himself: but she was pestered with beaux, who completely excluded him from saying a word to her, by talking incessantly around her and to her, as usual, of nothing; and that was a theme on which he had nothing to say.

“The party remained on a visit at the same house for about a week, in the course of which the younger of the ci-

devant misogynists made a tender of his heart to the fair creature who had revolutionized him and his ideas so expeditiously :—but she did not fancy him :—as I told you, she had made up her mind twelve months before for his brother. The disappointed young man, therefore, immediately on this refusal, relapsed into his former principles, from the effects of which he emerged three weeks ago by marrying a girl whom he has been in and out of love with for the last seven years ; and the elder, at the expiration of the visit, departed with a high respect for Miss Collen.

“ Before he took his leave, however, the young lady had come to a determination of accepting an offer from Mr.

Manley, if he made one ; and as he either feared or objected to do so, (as soon as he was gone) she resolved to try every manœuvre that could have a chance of persuading him. She communicated her intentions to her brother, who represented to her (in astonishment) the impropriety of becoming a suitor to a woman-hater, or indeed to any man, but especially to him, who was the most unlikely of all others to care about her.—It was all to no purpose.

“ He who would turn a woman from a design she is bent on, must invent some new arguments to favour the accomplishment of his object,—none of those in use at present can avail him.

“ Margaret had taken every opportunity before they separated of bringing herself into his consideration, neglecting the civilities of her beaux, and confining her conversation almost entirely to him:—this, as she possesses a great share of sense, and that well cultivated, he found very entertaining, and Margaret was convinced that another week of her company would have drawn out the declaration she wished : but now he was gone, and she had no prospect of ever meeting him again. After a fortnight’s consideration she wrote the following letter :

“ ‘ Sir,

“ ‘ From the moment that I first beheld you apostrophizing the spirit of a

horse, my imagination has dwelt on the recollection of your address, as well as of the arguments by which you saved the animal from punishment. I now call those arguments to my own defence, and beg that my conduct may be exculpated, at least forgiven, on the same plea.

“ ‘ I declare to you, and I flatter myself that you will give me credit for the assertion, that I believe you to be the only person on earth in whom I could place this confidence ; for I put my reputation so completely in your power, that, were your disposition other than it is, you might sacrifice it to your vanity.

“ ‘ I am tormented with a passion for one who is ignorant of my good opinion,

and probably may despise me when you have made him acquainted with it—for it is only through your means that I can hope to excite any return ; and to this end, I must entreat you will seek him, and, when you come into his presence, say ‘ that a young lady of good family and fortune, who is allowed to have her share of personal charms, and who has refused numberless offers, entertains the greatest affection and esteem for him.’ If he feel no sympathy,—possibly his pride may be gratified by this last piece of intelligence, and induce him to make some return :—but I fear I deceive myself ; for, how can his pride be gratified who has none in this particular ? and what return can I expect from one who hates, shuns, and abuses the whole sex ?

“ ‘I beseech you, take their part, and use the arguments of a gentleman in behalf of them. Remind him of the pains and penalties they endure, and assure him, that she of whom you speak will never contend with him in understanding.

“ ‘If he asks (as he may) to what cause is to be attributed this passion? say:—‘it commenced in gratitude for a service he rendered her once, in a stormy night, when her father and brother stood by in a state of distraction from the apprehension of her being killed, and that it has arrived at its present state from an accidental acquaintance with his humane and generous disposition.’

“ ‘You must expect now that I shall

tell you his name—alas! I dare not.—Spare me this one humiliation, and discover him yourself.

“ ‘ M. C.’

“ ‘ Ah ha, I am caught,’ said Mr. Manley, having read this epistle.—‘ Except this be a forgery—what am I to think of it?’ The messenger that had given it to him, being sent for, reappeared, and, after much interrogation and cross-examination, convinced him that the letter was not only written by Margaret herself, but intrusted by her to this servant, under a solemn promise of his delivering it into the hands of Manley.

“ ‘ A pretty affair this,’ he began a-

gain, ‘and a pretty figure I must cut, whether I say Yes or No. Shall I have the girl, and become a laughing-stock for my acquaintance?—or retain my character for consistency, and decline the honour she intends me? What a pity she should think of throwing herself away on me!—As I breathe, I have no vanity—I am not a fit companion for her—I’ll tell her so forthwith.’

“He immediately sat down and wrote to her—

“‘Dear Madam,

“‘I am sensible of the honour I receive in being the repository of your confidence, and never will betray it.

“‘At your request I sought the person

you commanded me to find, and expressed to him the contents of your letter. This is his answer :

“ ‘Tell the lady,’ he said, ‘I am flattered beyond description by her good opinion ; and if I could persuade myself that I deserve her offer, I should feel the greatest earthly happiness in accepting it. But she is deceived : I am not that humane person she supposes me ; and the service I rendered her, being accidental, and unattended with any danger on my part, has laid her under no obligations. Then I am too ill-tempered to make her happy, and my occupations are so numerous and various that I never could pay her the attention she expects :—after all, I am by profession a misogynist ; and what opinion could she entertain of me,

if I were to accept her offer, but that of being an avaricious hypocrite?

“ ‘I thank her most heartily for her candour, which is so remarkable, that it redeems her sex in her own person, and in my estimation, from the obloquy that I have often endeavoured to cast on it. Of this I am now ashamed ; and I beg you to assure her, that hereafter it shall be my study to find excuses for the frailty, and honourable notice for the good qualities of womankind.’

“ ‘ You see, madam, what a change you have wrought ; but I will no longer trespass on your patience.

“ ‘ Farewell.

“ ‘ E. M.’

## CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION OF MR. BENEDICK'S  
MARRIAGE ADVENTURES..

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“THE perusal of this letter raised a variety of reflections in the mind of Margaret: but her pride was not mortified; for she saw in every line that Mr. Manley’s resolution was staggered; and when she came to the conclusion, ‘what a change you have wrought!’ ‘I have him safe,’ she said to herself, ‘another letter settles the affair. If I can but make him think it a piece of honour, as well as fortitude, to take a wife, the day is my own.’

Full of the idea, she immediately addressed him again :

“ ‘ Sir,

“ ‘ I give you credit for your discernment, and thanks for your pains in discovering the person I requested you would speak to in my behalf, and I return my sincere acknowledgements to him for endeavouring to answer my message.

“ ‘ As he does not expressly decline my offer, but only urges excuses for not accepting it, I venture once more to trouble you with a few words to him.

“ ‘ Request him to look forward to the decline of his life, and call up to his

imagination the probable conclusion of it, supposing that his sentiments of women remain always as they are. It is most likely, however, that they will change as he grows old,—for daily experience authorizes us to think so,—and hen. who will marry him but with a view to emolument?—None. Some worthless creature, who can compound to endure the peevishness of his few last years, that she may succeed to the possession of his property, will be his bride: and if he continue a bachelor, his old age will not be a jot more comfortable, as he must be indebted to servants for the gratification of his wants, and for care and attention in sickness and death.

“ ‘ After a life unendeared by any af-

fections, without offspring for whose benefit he might have lived, and who might honour his memory,—he will retire, the last of his race, from a world in which he has done nothing, as a blank in the creation, unnoticed and unlamented.

“ “ On the other side of the question, by marrying he secures one friend, who, if she be a person of sense, can never betray him ; he parts with the reputation of selfishness, and has an opportunity of improving the first, nay all human affections.

“ “ Is he so unlike the rest of mankind as to be insensible to the charms of youth and beauty ? and can he doubt that the greatest happiness on earth is de-

rived from the interchange of kind offices, and from the harmony and the endearments of love?

“ ‘ The wisest men in all ages, as well as the most powerful, except Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, (who was a madman,) have been married; and does he hesitate to follow their example from fear of a wife? Impossible!—I know the motive is solely a desire to defend and persist in his principles, although he must suspect that he has adopted them erroneously.

“ ‘ If the arguments I have used, which are none of my own, appear strained and inconclusive; in short, if his resolutions are unaltered by them, assure him

I will desist from troubling him any more, and bid him for me farewell.'

“ ‘ Well,’ said Mr. Manley, ‘ I am glad she disowns the arguments, or I could not conveniently reconcile them to her promise of not disputing with me in understanding, although they may easily be confuted. That love and its endearments have hitherto appeared to me to be nonsense,—but I suppose I have been mistaken ; indeed I begin to feel I have :—What a puppy have I been to refuse a voluntary offer from a beautiful girl, of herself and her fortune ! I must needs have something very attractive about me, too, that could lead a young lady so much out of the beaten track. Well, I’ll no longer live under the sin of ingratitude,

dwindling away by slow degrees into a rusty fusty moth-eaten old fel——Egad there is no time to be lost, I shall not have a third proposal.’—He then answered her letter in these words :

“ ‘ Dear Madam,

“ ‘ The stupid fellow for whom you profess such unmerited esteem (excuse me for calling any one you approve stupid) appeared so deficient in gratitude on hearing me peruse your letter, that I was about to put him to death in revenge, had he not of a sudden fallen into a fit, and remained for half an hour in a state of insensibility.

“ ‘ While I was meditating what plan to pursue on his recovery, he started up

like a phoenix from its embers, quite a different being in every thing but outside. You will scarce believe, that he snatched your letter from my hand, read it with rapture, pressed it to his bosom, and imprinted a thousand kisses on it, calling you all the while his friend, his guide, his angel, and his wife ; and denouncing himself as a fool, a dolt, an obstinate, conceited, proud, arrogant, pedantic, metaphysical coxcomb.

““ As I was entirely of his way of thinking, I did not venture to contradict a syllable of what he said : and after having heard him swear on his knees that you were dearer to him than life and all the rest of its delights, I took my leave,

he promising to appear before you to-morrow and confess his unworthiness and his love.

“ ‘ Dear madam,

“ ‘ Your devoted

“ ‘ E. MANLEY.’

“ The day following, this resuscitated phoenix made his appearance at the house of Sir G. Collen, and with the ardour of a lover in his teens adjusted the preliminaries of his nuptials. He is to be married in six weeks—meanwhile he takes this last opportunity of celebrating the joys of a bachelor’s life with the votaries of celibacy. This is Signor Benedick, the metaphysical phoenix, who is going

to realize a new theory—at least new to him.

“Be merry, be merry, my wife’s as all,—  
For women are shrews, both short and tall,—  
’Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry Shrovetide.”

“Here’s a row,” said Don Juan,  
“what are these singers about?”—“Oh!”  
replied Rhydisel, “they are the solemn  
assembly, who have just separated. As  
they retire to their chambers, they console  
themselves for leading the lives of Vestal  
virgins by thus railing against the fair  
sex, and, making a virtue of necessity,  
persuade themselves it is honourable to lie  
diagonally in bed.

“Look at him who is waddling up

stairs to his rooms, and feeling in vain for the key of them in all his pockets—see, he sits down on the landing-place to recollect himself a little.”

“Who, and what is he?” asked the Spaniard.—“He is a profound scholar and philosopher,” replied the devil, “who has travelled over half the world, and collected more information than falls to the lot of one in ten thousand.”—“What a fortunate man!” exclaimed Vincentio.—“Alas!” said Rhydisel, “he is rather to be pitied. The knowledge he has acquired makes him either envy or despise the rest of mankind: he eats and drinks in silence, and when in company opens his jaws for no other purpose. Who is benefited by his travels? He thinks him-

self a miracle of learning, and all his acquaintance think him in his dotage.— Look ! he has actually fallen asleep.

“ Can grave and solemn pass for wise  
When men the stupid owl despise ?

“ There is another gentleman going out of the gate who had like to have lost his gown and fellowship lately, on account of an intrigue in which a husband detected him with his wife. But fortune favours the bold. The husband prosecuted in vain : he was so unlucky as to prove his better half so liberal and enlarged in her ideas that the lover obtained the verdict, and he (the husband) kept the wife.

“ Observe that pair of priests crossing

the square beneath us in close conference,  
—they are brothers.

“He on the left, who expresses so much agitation in his countenance, is relating a misfortune that has befallen him within the last week.

“Half a year ago, being a junior fellow of the college which you saw him leave just now, and without much chance of speedy preferment, he contrived to make himself agreeable to a lady who had some fortune and more experience, although she could not boast of either youth or beauty.

“As she was of considerable standing in life, his conscience represented to him

that he was making some sort of sacrifice; but he hoped to get over the ridicule of his companions in the prospect of making his wife the mother of a son; and to this end, so desirable, not only took every nostrum, and tried every experiment that he had either read or heard of as being efficacious in the matrimonial way, but insinuated them into his wife also in the shape of broths and jellies.

“ She soon found out his drift, and consented, with little pressing, to assist his pious endeavours to the utmost.

“ Ten days ago he left her at home, apparently, and to his great satisfaction, in a thriving way, and came here to be present at the grand affair. Yesterday

morning he returned, and lo! who would guess the catastrophe! he found his amiable half safely delivered of twins, who with the mother are likely to do well!

“ Half deranged, he came back again to the university, counting all the way on his fingers the number of days and nights he has been married, which he cannot make amount to more than five months and three days; and now, convulsed with shame and vexation, he unburthens his mind to his brother, who awaits with impatience the conclusion of his tale, that he may in his turn relate an accident which has also happened to him, and is this:—

“ Five years since, having no prefer-

ment beyond a curacy of fifty pounds, he had the good fortune to find favour in the sight of a lady with five thousand. She married him; and, buying with her dower a pretty considerable living, presented her husband to it.

“ After four years cohabitation without any increase of family, the lady went mad, and was confined until about a month ago, when symptoms deemed favourable appearing, she was again liberated and brought home by her husband to his parsonage house.

“ On the first Sunday after her return, he preached a sermon on the uses of wedlock, in which he descanted particularly on the duties of wives. Taking

advantage of a pause, she (his own wife) started up, and exclaimed with a loud voice to the congregation—‘Turn out Billy Riddle, turn that fellow (meaning her husband) out of the pulpit:—Come, Billy,’ she continued, beckoning to him, ‘budge, take your useless body out of that box—you know, you fool, that the living is mine.’

“The amazement of the congregation almost equalled that of the dwellers in hell when Orpheus went there to bring back his wife, his dear Eurydice. As this Bacchante, however, persisted in her speech without deigning to listen to the arguments of her modern Orpheus, the hearers began to laugh; at which her choler increasing, she rushed out of

her pew, and, running towards the pulpit, compelled her lord and master to evacuate it, by letting himself drop out of it into the aisle to avoid the fate of the Thracian bard."

"Who is that yonder," said Morla, "crossing the street with such gravity, and so black a nose?"—"That," replied the devil, "is a prince of gallants, and the very Cicero of oratory—a celebrated preacher, who holds forth occasionally at one of the fashionable conventicles in the metropolis. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*—hence the cause of his black nose.

"Having on his hands an affair with a young lady of quality, to whose acquaintance his eloquence had recommend-

ed him, he was endeavouring, as usual, a few nights ago to ascend her chamber by the assistance of large nails driven into the wall for that purpose ; but, being rather inebriated, he missed one of them with his foot, and fell to the bottom again. In the fall, the very nail he had missed caught one of his nostrils and tore it nearly out of his face ; and the blood that flowed from the wound, together with the pain of it, making him imagine he had wholly lost his proboscis, he got up, and, running with precipitation to the Thames, threw himself into its waves in despair.

“ The water chanced to be too shallow to drown him ; and he, not possessing resolution enough to keep his head

under, or to walk further into it, after becoming saturated and soberized, sneaked out of the river like a drowned rat ; and repaired to a surgeon, who sewed up his nostril, and has given him that black scabbard to protect it from the air.

“ His talents, his wit, you see, could hardly save him from a fate somewhat similar to that of Brotheus, who, although the son of Minerva, threw himself into the fire because some one laughed at his ugliness.

“ Not far behind him I see a Welshman who had like to have met lately an extermination by fire, for which he was neither minded nor prepared. Sitting

over his wine the other evening, with some of his Cambrian fellows, he inadvertently fell asleep; and whilst he snored prodigiously, one of his tipsy companions took an opportunity of launching forth in his praise, and expatiating with tears in his eyes (for you know there is an affectionate effect in wine) on his merits, integrity, sense, and generosity.

“ Getting on rather too rapidly with his eulogium, his breath faltered; and beginning to hiccup, he tumbled out of his own chair against the object of his veneration, and knocked him into the fire.

“ The snorer, who during his sleep,

from too great repletion, had been under the dominion of a sort of nightmare, and had dreamt he was dead, now feeling the heat, imagined himself awaking in hell, and bawled out, ‘ O, my lord, my lord Satan, this side’s hot—the other, the other.’

“ Look at that house just beyond the church, where a reverend young gentleman, having just burst into a lady’s chamber, expresses by his looks and in his speech the utmost surprise and disappointment—she is his wife.”—“ Hah ! ” cried Don Juan, “ What ! has he detected her in an affair of gallantry ? ”—“ Ha ha ! ” said the devil, laughing, “ the furthest from it—she is as old as the church nearly, and as honest :—this

young man she has married in pure love, and settled on him a large fortune, which he means to enjoy at her death.

“ He left her to day to join a shooting party in Warwickshire, and was overtaken before he had proceeded twenty miles, by a messenger, who acquainted him that his wife, having been seized with fits, lay at the point of death, and only waited to bid him an eternal farewell before she took her flight to heaven.

“ The husband, at this intelligence, being struck all of a heap, turned back, and, riding as if it were for his own life, is just arrived in his dear’s apartment, where he has found her——as well as he left her.”

## CHAPTER X.

## OF FORTUNE-MAKING.

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“IN the next house,” continued the dæmon, “lives an usurer, a covetous old rascal, who never receives a salute that is not followed by a request for a loan, and never returns it but with the expectation of getting 150 per cent. at the least.

“This morning, being accosted by one who had occasion for his assistance, he said he should be at home in an hour and a half. ‘At what o’clock?’ said the other. The usurer, taking out his

watch and calculating the time, replied,  
‘£2.—3—, that is, a quarter past two.’

“Over him is his partner, who is inferior to him in nothing, and his equal in wit. So clever is he that he has made a fortune by being ruined; a manoeuvre, or rather a chef d’œuvre, I shall communicate to you for the advantage of your young friends.

“He and his comrade go to the Stock market; the one resolving to sell 100,000*l.* the other to buy the same sum, and both accountable in seven days: that is, nothing more or less than to pay to, or receive from, some other person or persons with whom they (in fact) gamble, the difference in the value of so much stock

at the expiration of the week. When the settling day arrives, the funds have risen, and the 100,000*l.* are worth 110,000*l.* : so, he that was seller, of necessity wins 10,000*l.* and he that was buyer loses the same sum ; which as he cannot pay, (having never intended to do so,) he becomes bankrupt, and waddles out of the Alley to share with his partner the 10,000*l.* *he* has gained. Had the funds fallen in the same proportion, he had of course been the winner, and the partner who was successful on this occasion was equally prepared to have personated the lame duck on the other.

“ Now we are on the subject of making fortunes,” continued Rhydisel, “ if you are not too impatient to be acquainted

with the circumstances of those whose spirits are asserting their prerogatives, whilst the bodies to which they are attached are under the influence of sleep, I shall have great satisfaction in explaining to you a system by which the traders in this town even, raise considerable contributions. Do not imagine I am going to tire you with an exposition of their lying and cheating: every one knows that without these two qualities a tradesman might as well hope to coin his fingers as think of getting rich; and that for the sake of their attaining them they subject their sons to seven years apprenticeship, and pay a handsome sum to have them taught, rather than they should be neglected at home; and that although their children, naturally taking

after the parents, are prone to falsehood, still they cannot be made perfect, that is, downright *tradesmen*, under that time. But no more of this. Sit down on the balance. The system of which I am going to speak, rightly defined, is ‘semi-prostitution ;’ but you shall see and hear the elements of it.”

Don Juan being seated, the dæmon flew off with him to a house in the High-street; and passing through the wall, they sat down in the midst of a family of young women, some of whom were extremely beautiful, while others, rather less so, acted the parts of gallants to them before their mother, who sat as judge, applauding and reproofing as the circumstances of the scene required.

Don Juan observed one seated behind a sort of counter covered with gloves, ribbands, braces, &c., before whom one of the gallants making a bow, or something between a nod and a bow, and putting on an amorous leer, at which the other was no way disconcerted, took up a glove, which the beauty held open, while the other pretended to try it on, and presently drawing his hand away, snatched that of the beauty and gave it a kiss; when she immediately held her breath, and, putting down her head, forced the blood into her face, which produced a very pretty blush. "Bravo!" cried the mother.

The gallant again catching her hand, and squeezing it tenderly between his,

after a shrug of the shoulders, and a deep sigh in a voice somewhat above a whisper, murmured out, "Oh, did you know what happiness you have in your power to confer, or what gratitude and veneration you could inspire, you——"—"Sir?" interrupted the beauty, with an air of the utmost sang froid. "Ah!" replied the gallant in the same tender strain, "your insensibility is insupportable."

Here the mother called out, "Jane, you are wanted within;" and then dropping a courtesy to the gallant, continued, "Can I serve you, sir?"

He (for he has not yet done with the male character) immediately pretends to buy gloves, and watch-ribbands, or a

snuff-box, and any other rattle-traps, for which he pays; but requiring change, the old lady retires, and sends her daughter with it to him again.

The coast being once more clear, he begins another passionate scene, in the course of which the beauty recommends to him a few articles of no trifling value, by the sale of which she manages to cheat him in three ways. First, she charges him double price; secondly, she contrives that the change she returns shall be Flemish in its account; and thirdly, that it shall contain several bad pieces, at none of which his gallantry can permit him to look.

At the conclusion of this scene, (the

execution of which the mother highly commended,) the play being finished, the actors prepared to go to bed. As they retired, "Be careful," said the old one, "never to admit liberties beyond a kiss of the hand, unless a customer is most especially generous,—when, with an hour's pressing and considerable violence, he may be suffered to snatch a salute of the cheek; after which you must leave the shop, or ring the bell, or call out. One false step would utterly ruin us all; but by properly managing your gallants we earn a comfortable honest livelihood, and who knows but you may pick up some rich fools for your husbands?"

As she said these last words, having

put out the candles and just reached the door, she cast a look back into the room to see that all was safe; when Rhydisel contrived to give her a glance from the corner of his eye, at which she felt a convulsive shudder bordering on horror, and, hastily shutting the door without speaking, ran up stairs to bed.

“*Crimine ab uno disce omnes,*” said the fiend: “the counterpart of this scene has been acted over the way; at a house in the Corn-market; at another near Magdalen-bridge; and in short wherever there are pretty daughters or prentices.

“It must be confessed they are all adepts in the science of extracting money from the young men. Where knaves

thrive there must be fools; but here are fools who are proud of being dupes, and had rather not see at all than see their folly."

"I remember," said Don Juan, "to have seen in this, as well as in the other houses to which you allude, a young female generally seated in the shop extravagantly drest, with her arms and neck bare, and not unfrequently two or three young gentlemen with her, who endeavoured in appearance to make themselves agreeable to her, and disagreeable to each other.

"Indeed, I always regarded that sort of person as a show girl, a trap, a flam, a bait, a gull, a take-in; but I am indebted to your worship for learning, that there is

a system, and a part of their education, in which their experienced mothers——  
Hah ! whence is that groan, Signor Rhydisel ?—Hush !—again !” .

“ It proceeds,” replied the dæmon,  
“ from the apartment of a young man in the house adjoining, who is subject to fits of extreme melancholy, and experiences at this instant the very bitterness of grief. His misfortunes are of so gloomy a cast, and the distraction to which he has become a prey so poignant and unmerited, that his history, from which you would draw but little instruction, will only fill your mind with mournful ideas. We had better dismiss it.”

“ Nay,” said Don Juan de Morla, “ if on no other account, an acquaintance

with instances of real sorrow must soften the heart and improve the feelings : therefore, at least let me sympathize with the melancholy of this youth.

“ He that endures with fortitude, woes which he has never merited, acquires a noble spirit, and extracts a silent satisfaction even from the very severity of his despair. I burn with a desire to hear his history, and my curiosity is already raised to the greatest extreme. I entreat you to gratify it.”

“ I grant your request,” replied the spirit : “ but remember, I have anticipated your sensations, and again assure you that your sympathy will be unavailing. Let us, however, leave this apart-

ment, and ascend the wall of the young man's chamber; you will have a better view of him, and may also hear his complaint."

Don Juan was not slow in following Rhydisel to the place he proposed, who, when they had seated themselves on the house-top, began in this manner.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE HISTORY OF LLEWELYN.

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“NEAR a small village in Carnarvonshire, situated on the extremity of that promontory which forms the northern boundary of the beautiful bay of Cardigan, stand the ruins of Brynallan, the birth-place of Richard Llewelyn and his brother Madoc.

“ Their father, who was a scholar, as well as a gentleman of the first accomplishments, educated them at home un-

der his own eye until they were of age to enter the university, and succeeded in forming their characters and dispositions so much to his wishes, that he was completely happy in the contemplation of their perfections, and extended his desires only to their continuation through life.

“ It was impossible that two young men could have entered the great world with more flattering prospects : they were easy on the score of fortune, had to choose any profession they approved, and were united in a bond of amity not inferior to that of Nysus and Euryalus, or Py-lades and Orestes,—a bond that death cannot dissolve ; for death, as I told you before, enlarges the perceptions of the immaterial spirit.

“About a mile from this nursery of their infancy dwelt a gentleman named Llan-nau, their equal in family, of large fortune, and of a very advanced age, sickly and infirm. He was the father of one son and daughter, between whom and the family of Llewelyn there had from childhood existed the greatest harmony and good will.

“As they approached to years of maturity, the harmony of their affection expanded, and the esteem which the brothers had long entertained for Mary the daughter of Llannau increased imperceptibly, until it assumed the countenance and the character of love.

“Richard was the first to acquaint his

brother with the passion which he felt, and he, in his turn, with equal candour confessing his own, began a little contention, as to the one who should withdraw his claim, (each being determined to give her up to the other,) which, after a variety of arguments, they at length settled, by agreeing that he whom she first addressed at their next meeting should prosecute his views, and that the other should bury his pretensions in oblivion.

“The die was cast in favour of Richard, who did not fail to take the advantage his good fortune allowed him, and by his looks and assiduities, convincing Mary of the state of his heart, quieted an anxiety which she had long felt from the first wish of her own.

“ During their next excursion to the university, one Lionel Tudor, a youth of great expectations, whose father had long since concerted with Llannau a plan of uniting their families by marriage, made his appearance to claim his bride; and Llannau, overjoyed to see him, instantly promised him his own and his daughter's concurrence, not dreaming of her sentiments in favour of Richard, who, as yet, had never made any positive declaration of his passion for her.

“ Mary being made acquainted with the nature of Tudor's visit, was at a loss in what manner to receive his addresses. Unaccustomed to disobey her father in any thing, she dared the less object to

his commands in the present instance, having no reason to urge in her excuse ; and the two Llewelyns with her brother being absent, she saw no hope of extricating herself from her present embarrassment but in making a friend of Tudór, at least in requesting him to withdraw his claim.

“ This she immediately attempted ; but when endeavouring to explain herself, (not being authorized to urge any prior affection,) her arguments appeared to Lionel a mere matter of course, at which he smiled, while he continued pressing his suit.—To come to the point, she was at length obliged to give a silent consent ; and the wedding being appointed to take place in a month, Lionel returned home

to make the necessary preparations for receiving his wife.

“He had not left the house half an hour when the collegians entered it—and at the first sight of Mary, Richard declared his passion, which was backed by his brother’s arguments; and to which, when able to find words, she was obliged to reply, by recounting the history of Tudor, and his visit.

“Imagine the sensations of Richard! Of all the disappointments that fall to the lot of human beings, this, when it happens, is considered the most severe. Almost bursting into tears, with a face pale as death, and a quivering lip, he in-

voluntarily loosed the hand which he had taken as the preface to his speech, and heaving a profound sigh, while he struck his forehead, exclaimed, ‘Then I am undone for ever ! all my prospects blighted ! Oh, Mary ! Mary ! how could you ?’— ‘Ah, sir !’ replied she, interrupting him, ‘it is too late now even to think on what might have been our destiny. My character compels me to put a stop to this conversation ; and my engagements enjoin me silence on the subject for ever. Yet I cannot but own, as it is the first, the last, the only time I can suffer myself to express my feelings to you, that I never would have submitted to the commands of my father, nor, perhaps, would he have insisted on them, had

you acquainted me sooner with your secret.'

“ Richard immediately retired with Madoc, in whose bosom raged a contention no less violent than that in his brother's. When he had resigned his pretensions to the daughter of Llannau, according to the decision formerly agreed on, he firmly resolved never to interfere with the views of Richard : but he could not divest himself of his love for Mary ; and his passion preyed on him incessantly, although he never chanced to betray it. Whilst he contemplated the happiness that his brother expected, he scarcely lamented his own loss ; at least he felt, or fancied that he felt, resigned to it.

But now that another was destined to be the husband of her on whom his thoughts and wishes turned ; and that Richard, disappointed likewise, was not to be benefited by the former resignation of his passion, he considered the mortification as his own ; and, in this real or imagined distress, was for a time unable to attend to that of his brother.

“ In the mean time Mary, who could not withhold that fatal confession which she made to Richard, gave a loose to the anguish of her heart at the prospect of the fate she had to undergo ; and her brother, the witness of her grief and of the distraction of Richard, was little less to be pitied than either of them, as he

could devise no means to put a stop to the preparations for this dreaded marriage.

“As the time appointed for it approached, the grief of his sister, instead of subsiding, as he had expected, into a tranquil resignation, assumed the aspect of despair, and seemed even to threaten her intellects. Alarmed for her reason, as well as for the happiness of the two families, he communicated his apprehensions to Llannau in the most serious manner, and brought him to postpone the nuptials at least, or he would infallibly convert what was intended to be a time of festivity and joy, into a scene of mourning and lamentation.

“Llannau, who since the appearance of Tudor had suspected the cause of his daughter's hesitation, and had been a witness, since the arrival of his son, to her agitation and grief, (the cause of which, that he might be satisfied, he had learnt from herself,) having repeatedly endeavoured to fortify her with resolution to preserve the delicacy of her sex, and the reputation of her family, by assuring her of the impossibility of receding from his engagements—on this new supplication was so enraged at her perseverance, as he deemed it, in useless and unnecessary sorrow, that for a few minutes he could not utter a word. Before he recovered his articulation, Mary, who had listened at the door, interpreting his silence in her favour, ran into the room, and, falling at

his feet, entreated him, with tears in her eyes, not to break her heart.

“‘Unnatural daughter!’ he exclaimed, ‘you will soon break mine; and you, unduteous son, who can second the schemes of your sister to destroy the honour of your family, and bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave! Did I not solicit an alliance with Tudor? have I not sought it through life? and did I not invite his son here for that sole reason? If you were so prejudiced against the youth, why did not you tell him so when he was here? why were you forced into a consent then, which cannot be retracted now? I never would have opposed the wishes of my children, nor insisted on an unnecessary compliance—but’—here he

looked in his daughter's face, who still knelt before him, holding one of his hands between hers, and gazing through her tears on his venerable countenance :— he paused at the sight ; and she, never moving her eyes, that were fixed on his, said, ‘ Father, it shall be done.’

“ The anger of Llannau was appeased—the recollection of the parent again rushed on his conscience, and represented the sacrifice which Mary was about to make in the strongest possible colours. He hesitated for a moment what to say :—in the mean while, the conflict in his bosom, assisted by the infirmities of his body, overcame him completely—he fell back in his chair in a fit, from the effects of which he never recovered.

“ I shall not detain you by expatiating on the consternation of the Llewelyns at hearing the news of Llannau’s illness, or that of his own family at the sight of it. The next day the old man sent for his son, to tell him he might endeavour to break off the match ; and, if Tudor should be unwilling to consent, which he hardly dared venture to doubt, to contrive some means of uniting her privately to Richard ; concluding by saying, ‘ When all is done, Tudor will think it unavailing to trouble us or himself, and we can then represent to him the affair in its true colours.’

“ The young man, amazed beyond measure at what he heard, began to question in his own mind the sanity of

his father's : however, as the desire was repeated, he imagined him determined to become the sacrifice himself, rather than be the cause of his daughter's misery, and immediately acquainted Richard and Mary with it. This gave rise to a new contention:—the young lady, vying with her father in generosity, appeared now almost as anxious to marry Tudor as she had before been to avoid him:—however, at the united entreaties of her lover and brother, and being assured that old Llewelyn approved the plan, (for he sought only the happiness of his children, and saw no objection, in defrauding Tudor of a wife for whom he could feel no violent passion, so great as that of rendering both families unhappy by an odious marriage,) she at last consented.

Young Llannau immediately dispatched a servant with a letter to Tudor, hastily written, and to this effect:—

“ ‘ Sir,

“ ‘ My father I apprehend to be dying; and my sister, in a state of distraction from this as well as other causes, desires you will postpone your visit and nuptials.—If it be possible, think no more of her.—She throws herself on your generosity, by declaring that her affections were not her own to give away, and that the consent you obtained from her was in conformity to the commands of a parent whom she did not dare to disobey.’

“ Tudor was preparing for his de-

parture at the moment the messenger arrived with the letter, the perusal of which filled him with the greatest indignation. He looked on the whole as a forgery contrived by some person who had designs on the daughter of Llannau; and after interrogating the bearer, who was half terrified by his vehemence, and perhaps increased his suspicions, mounted his horse, and attended by a single servant set off for the habitation of his intended father-in-law.

“ The distance from the residence of Tudor to that of Llannau was upwards of forty miles, and lay over rocky mountainous roads, with which neither he nor his servant was well acquainted; and the weather having been for several

days, and still continuing to be, unusually stormy and boisterous, covered them for many miles with clouds. After having wandered about for some time uncertain of their way, they gained the pass of Aberglasslyn just as the evening closed on them ; and, as they emerged from the defile on the sands of Traeth Mawr in their road to Pen Morfa, were accosted by three men armed with cutlasses, who stopped and endeavoured to drag them from their horses. Tudor, with great presence of mind, seized the arm of him who held his bridle, and, snatching the cutlass from him, made an ineffectual blow at his head. One of the robbers instantly blew a whistle, at the sound of which two others sprang up from behind a projecting rock, and fell with fury on

Tudor ; who defending himself with the greatest gallantry, and burying his spurs in his horse's sides, fought his way through the gang and rode off unhurt.

“ As he was well mounted, the thieves had no chance of retaking him ; wherefore, having ridden to a short distance, he stopped to consider who they could be, and for what purpose they had so attacked him, as well as to meditate a plan for apprehending them and rescuing his servant, whom they had got into their power if they had not already murdered ;—but not a house or inhabitant was in sight, nor did he know of one within several miles.

“ In the midst of his reflections it oc-

curred to him, (being still maddened by the remembrance of the letter he had received, and the ideas it had inspired,) that these men had been hired to stop him by the person to whom he attributed the forgery, and the designs on Llannau's daughter,—that in case the one failed of detaining him at home, he might be secured by the other attempt.

“ Without hesitating a moment, after feeling convinced of the truth of his suspicions, he left his servant to a fate which he knew it then impossible for himself to prevent, and rode on towards Llannau's house with the utmost speed of which his horse was capable.

“ In the mean while, the messenger

who had delivered the letter to Tudor, having been alarmed by his passion on reading it, suspected the intentions of that gentleman, and instantly set out on his return. He, being well acquainted with every pass in the mountains, chose the readiest and least circuitous route, and, arriving some time before the other, stated to the son of Llannau the reception he had met with, and concluded by informing him that he had seen a person whom he guessed to be Tudor, a mile or two behind him in an elbow of the mountains.

“ Richard and Madoc were with the son and daughter of Llannau at the time the messenger entered the house. During his absence, the old man having

again relapsed into fits had become delirious, and was now as anxious at one minute that Mary should give herself up to Tudor, as at the next that she should elope with Richard. After a pause, occasioned by the servant's report, Madoc proposed that they should immediately carry Mary to Brynallan. To this plan young Llannau and Richard consented at once; and Mary, afraid of encountering Tudor, yet dreading the loss of her character by leaving her father's house in such a night, and in such company, suffered herself to be carried off by them in a state between life and death; young Llannau intending, as soon as he had seen his sister safe whither they were taking her, to return and receive Tudor.

“ Before they quitted the house, as Mary continued to express her apprehensions about the step she was taking, and of her reception at Brynallan,—Richard, to ease her mind, sent on a servant with a note to his father, informing him of the state of their affairs, and of the guest he had to expect, and requesting as a token of his approval, and to convince Mary of his readiness to receive her, that he would order lights to be placed in all the windows of his house that looked towards that of Llannau.

“ I must stop the thread of my narrative here, to tell you that the robbers who had attacked Tudor and his servant were smugglers, whose sloop had been

wrecked on the sands of Traeth Mawr in the heavy gales which had blown, as I mentioned to you. Another sloop which had sailed in company with them, having observed them wrecked, was still at sea, and waited only moderate weather to bring them off the land. They however thought it adviseable to recompense themselves for the loss of their cargo, by levying contributions on every one they found on shore, being pretty secure of not meeting with any effectual resistance, and expecting to get away in a few hours."

## CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF  
LLEWELYN.

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“TUDOR,” continued Rhydisel, “arrived at the house of Llannau a few minutes after the Llewelyns had with the greatest silence and secrecy, as they thought, conveyed off Mary ; and the first person he saw was an old housekeeper, who had just discovered her loss, wringing her hands and crying out, (not knowing for what reason she had been removed,) ‘ They have carried away my dear mistress.’ ‘ Where ? Who ? ’ exclaimed

Tudor. ‘ They went this way,’ said she, pointing towards Brynallan ; which, as she spoke, burst into flames, and continued blazing with the greatest fury and impetuosity. At this she shrieked aloud, and, alarming the rest of the servants by her cries, caused a scene of uproar and dismay, which served only as a prelude to the horrors that were about to happen.

“ Every one, as soon as aware of the conflagration, ran precipitately towards it, without listening to the questions or threats which Tudor (raving about the house) continued applying to them all. He raged, swore, invoked heaven and hell to no purpose, until he had wrought himself up to the highest pitch of phrensy ;—then rushing out of the

house, he ran unconsciously towards the centre of general confusion.

“ It was now about the second hour of morning, and the spirits of the air, with Meresin at their head, still driving before them the exhalations of the western ocean, continued to add fury to the storm that had never ceased, during the night, and to threaten all nature with the convulsion of its elements.

“ Richard and Madoc, with Mary in their arms, had arrived within a hundred paces of the house when they saw it on fire. Their father was then ill with the gout, confined to his room, and incapable of moving. At the first sight, the danger of Llewelyn flashed on the minds of his

sons, who without a moment's delay left Mary, exposed as she was to the inclemency of the weather, in the hands of her brother, and ran to the house. They arrived too late;—every avenue was so occupied by flames and smoke, that no one could enter it; and the servants, who on the first alarm had thought solely of their own safety and made an expeditious retreat, now persisted with them in vain and ineffectual attempts to get at the chamber of the old man.

“ In the mean while the son of Llan-nau still supported his sister, and endeavoured to inspire her with hope and confidence. Tudor, in his madness, came near them:—he heard a voice uttering sounds, among which he distinguished the name of ‘Mary’ expressed in a tone

of endearment, and curses coupled with his own. While he yet listened, a flash of light from the burning house betrayed them to his view:—the robber's sword was still in his hand;—he sprang on Llannau, and, aiming a thrust at him with it, buried the point in the bosom of Mary.

“ ‘ Monster,’ exclaimed the son of Llannau, ‘ inhuman, barbarous fiend, you have murdered my sister !’ and as he spoke, grasping the arm of Tudor, who endeavoured to extricate it, he flung him on the ground, and wresting the sword out of his hand, whilst he kept him there by kneeling on his breast, with repeated blows stabbed him to the heart.

“ When his enemy ceased to struggle, he got up, and, thinking that his sister

might not be mortally wounded, ran with the bloody sword in his hand to the flames, calling out, ‘ Murder!—Help!—Richard Llewelyn,—your wife is slain,—come quickly, lest she bleed to death before we can assist her.’—Every one shuddered at the sight, and avoided him; his face and garments were covered with blood—his hair stood erect with horror and consternation; and the blaze of Brynallan glaring on his ghastly countenance, represented him to the by-standers as the lowest fiend of the abyss—the dæmon of death and hell—the merciless Abaddon. His cry struck on the ear of Richard, who with Madoc having applied a ladder to their father’s apartment had ascended, and were now seen at the window endeavouring to thrust Llewelyn

through it, and supplicating some one to receive him on the outer side. This shocking spectacle banished from the mind of Llannau every other consideration:—dropping the sword, he ran to their relief, and mounted the ladder in an instant, followed by several others who crowded to assist in the rescue of their friend and master. Llannau was already at the top leaning through the aperture to get a better hold of him, by this time almost suffocated with the smoke, and incapable of any exertion, when the floor of the room gave way, and he never quitting his grasp was dragged through the window, and precipitated with Llewelyn into the burning ruins: at the same moment the ladder, bending beneath the weight of so many

persons who were pressing forward to save him as well as the others, broke in two, and fell with them to the ground.

“ Madoc, who had sat across the wall at the base of the window, to assist his father’s delivery, seeing these fall, made a catch at his brother, who was likewise falling, and held him until he secured himself in the same manner.

“ The fire still continued to rage beneath them as they sat already dreadfully burnt, and expecting to be smothered in the flames every instant. The people below forming a ring, and joining their hands, called out to them to jump into their arms,—and Madoc was hastening to obey them,—but, in a moment recollecting his brother, he begged him to

save himself, and, seizing hold of him, in a manner compelled him to spring forward. Those below, whose eyes were fixed on the brothers, having caught him without the least accident, set up a shout of joy, in which Madoc, seeing that Richard was safe, participated by waving his arm over his head in a sort of frantic triumph. At the next moment, while they were again forming the ring to catch him also, another part of the building fell in, and produced a tremendous eruption of flames and smoke, by which he was obscured from their view ; and when it cleared away he was no more to be seen.

“ I cannot express to you the state of Richard’s mind at this last horrible sight. He was carried away to a neighbouring cottage completely distracted, where his

life and intellects were long despaired of. However, he is now, at times, awake to a sense of his misery, and feels (unhappy youth!) that he is the innocent cause of all this fatal tragedy. The beacon of assurance which he requested might be set up for Mary was the torch that lighted the funeral pile of his father—of his friend Llannau, who died in attempting to preserve him—and of the gallant Madoc, who sacrificed his life to his brother's safety. The recollection of Mary and the unfortunate Tudor, who fell, the one a victim for him—the other to his own impetuosity, (to authorize and encourage which so many untoward events concurred,) now presses heavy on his mind, and often animates him to phrensy: and, as if the measure of his woes was not full, he has learnt lately the death of

old Llannau, whose intellects sufficed only to understand the wretched fate of his children.

“ Richard Llewelyn is the last of his family and friends, the wretched survivor of a scene of ruin, death, and horror ; which would have been prevented by an earlier declaration of his passion for Mary, and probably if she had withheld that one fatal confession of her love of him. He travels with the curate of his native village, who has the charge of him since his occasional insanity, and has brought him here to settle his own and his brother's accounts in the university. The day he spends in a kind of melancholy stupor ; and, when all others are retired from observation and interruption, in the silence of night he resigns

himself to the bitterness of his grief, and submits to the dominion of his agonized feelings.

“To return to the scene of desolation,” continued the devil, “I shall tell you in few words the conclusion of their fate, whose untimely death he is now bewailing. About the dawn of day, the fire, having consumed every thing that would burn, subsided of itself, and permitted the villagers to search amid the ruins for the mangled bodies of the sufferers. To this end the curate of the parish contributed greatly; and having rescued them from their unhallowed abode, and collected their remains with the most charitable care, he has buried them, together with Tudor and Mary, in a vault of his chapel, and placed over

them a stone, which, relating in few simple lines their names, and the date of their deaths, concludes with these words :

“ ‘ Of what avail could be either epitaph or elegy? They cannot express sufficiently one idea that is inspired by the bare mention of a catastrophe, a tremendous visitation, whose memory can never be effaced from the minds of those who were witnesses to it, and who will not fail to deliver it to their posterity with every accumulated sentiment of pity and affection ! ’ ”

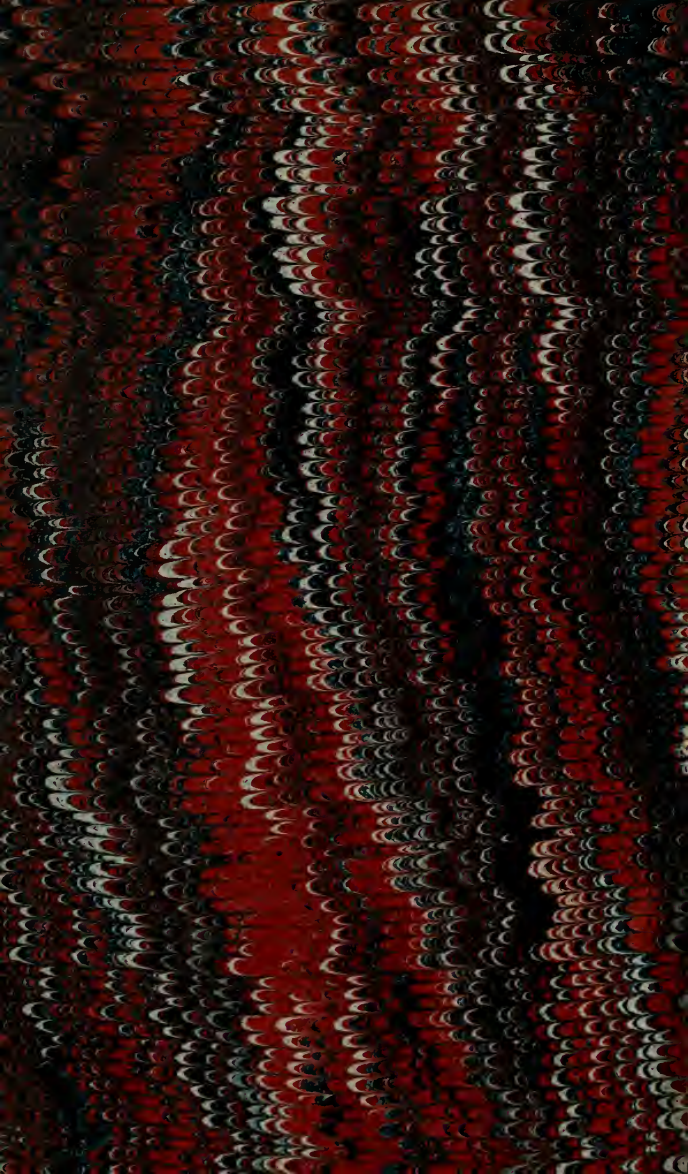
END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.











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